

THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. XXXV.

SEPTEMBER 1878.

Vol. III.

HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE, WITH GENEALOGIES OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

[CONTINUED.]

XIII. COLIN "RUADH," second LORD MACKENZIE OF KINTAIL, afterwards created first Earl of Seaforth, was a minor only fourteen years of age when he succeeded his father. The estates were left heavily burdened in consequence of the long-continued wars with Glengarry and other demands upon Lord Kenneth, who acted prudently in such circumstances to appoint his brother, Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Coigeach, in whose judgment he placed the utmost confidence, tutor to his son and successor, Lord Colin. Sir Roderick, however, knowing the state of affairs—financial difficulties staring him in the face—while the family were at the time much involved with the conquest of the Lews and other broils on the mainland, hesitated to accept the great responsibilities of the position, but, to use the words of the Laird of Applecross, "all others refusing to take the charge he set resolutely to the work. The first thing he did was to assault the rebels in the Lews, which he did so suddenly, after his brother's death, and so unexpectedly to them, that what the Fife adventurers had spent many years, and much treasure in without success, he, in a few months, accomplished; for having by his youngest brother Alexander, chased Neill, the chief commander of all the rest, from the Isle, pursued him to Glasgow, where, apprehending him, he delivered him to the Council, who executed him immediately. He returned to the Lews, banished those whose deportment he most doubted, and settled the rest as peaceable tenants to his nephew; which success he had, with the more facility, because he had the only title of succession to it by his wife, and they looked on him as their just master. From thence he invaded Glengarry, who was again re-collecting his forces; but at his coming they dissipate and fled. He pursued Glengarry to Blairy in Moray, where he took him; but willing to have his nephew's estate settled with conventional right rather than legal, he took low-countrymen as sureties for Glengarry's peaceable deportment, and then contracted with him for the reversion of the former wadsets, which Colin of Kintail had acquired of him, and for a ratification and new disposition of all his lands, formerly sold to Colin, and paid him thirty thousand merks in money for

this, and gave him a title to Lagganachindrom, which, till then, he possessed by force, so that Glengarry did ever acknowledge it as a favour to be overcome by such enemies, who over disobligements did deal both justly and generously. Rorie employed himself therefore in settling his pupil's estate, which he did to that advantage, that ere his minority passed, he freed his estate, leaving him master of an opulent fortune and of great superiorities, for he acquired the superiority of Troternish, with the heritable stewarty of the Isle of Skye, to his pupil, the superiority of Raasay and some other Isles. At this time, Macleod, partly by law and partly by force, had possessed himself of Sleat and Troternish, a great part of Macdonald's estate. Rory, now knighted by King James, owned Macdonald's cause, as an injured neighbour, and by the same method that Macleod possessed himself of Sleat and Troternish, he recovered both from him, marrying the heir thereof, Sir Donald Macdonald, to his niece, sister to Lord Colin, and caused him to take the lands of Troternish, holden of his pupil. Shortly after that, he took the management of Maclean's estate, and recovered it from the Earl of Argyle, who had fixed a number of debts and pretences on it, so by his means all the Isles were composed, and accorded in their debates and settled in their estates whence a full peace amongst them, Macneill of Barra excepted, who had been an hereditary outlaw. Him, by commission, Sir Rory reduced, took him in his fort of Kismull, and carried him prisoner to Edinburgh, where he procured his remission. The King gifted his estate to Sir Rory, who restored it to Macneill for a sum not exceeding his expenses, and holding it of himself in feu. This Sir Rory, as he was beneficial to all his relations, establishing them in free and secure fortunes, he purchased considerable lands to himself in Ross and Moray, besides the patrimony left him by his father, the lands of Coigeach and others, which, in lieu of the Lews, were given him by his brother. His death was regretted as a public calamity, which was in September 1626, in the 48th year of his age. To Sir Rory succeeded Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat; and to him Sir George Mackenzie, of whom to write might be more honour to him than of safety to the writer as matters now stand."

Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Coigeach was very determined and extremely fertile in schemes to enable him to gain any object he had in view. One of these, in connection with Mackenzie's final possession of the Lews, almost equalled the Raid of Cilliechriost in all its most abhorrent details of conception and execution, though the actual result was different; and for that we cannot give credit to the Tutor of Kintail. Neil Macleod, with his nephews, Malcolm, William, and Roderick, the three sons of Roderick Og, the four sons of Torquil Blair, and thirty of their more determined and desperate followers, retired, on Kintail's taking possession of the whole Island of Lews, to the impregnable rock of Berrissay, at the back of the island, to which Neil, as a precautionary measure, had been, for some years previously, sending provisions and other necessities in case of future necessity. They held out on this rock for three years, and in their impregnable position were a source of great annoyance to the Tutor and his followers. While stationed on a little rock opposite, and within shot of, Berrissay, Neil killed one of the Tutor's followers named Donald MacDhonnchaidh Mhic Ian Ghlais,

and wounded another called Tearlach MacDhomh'uill Roy Mhic Fhionnlaidh Ghlais. This exasperated their leader so much, and all other means having failed to oust Neil Macleod from his impregnable position, that the Tutor conceived the inhuman scheme of gathering together the wives and children of all those who were in Berrissay, as also all those in the island who were in any way related to them by blood or marriage affinity, and having placed them on a rock in the sea during low water, so near Berrissay that Neil and his companions could see and hear them, Sir Roderick and his men avowed that they would leave those innocent creatures—women and children—on the rock until they were overwhelmed by the sea and drowned on the return of the flood tide, if Neill and his companions did not instantly surrender the stronghold of Berrissay. He, no doubt, knew by stern experience, that even in such an atrocious deed, the promise of the Tutor, once given, was as good as his bond. It is due to the greater humanity of Neil that this fearful position of his helpless countrymen and relations appalled him so much that he immediately yielded up the rock on condition that he and his followers were allowed to leave the Lews. It is impossible to think otherwise, were it not for Macleod's yielding, than that this villanous and ferocious crime would have been committed by the Clan Mackenzie; and their descendants have to thank the humanity of their enemies for saving them from the commission of an act which would have secured them the deserved execration of posterity. After Neil had given up the rock he went privately, under silence of night, to his relative Macleod of Harris. The Tutor learning this caused him to be charged, under pain of treason and forfeiture, to deliver Neil up to the Council. Macleod finding himself in such an awkward position prevailed upon Neil to accompany him, taking his son along with them to Edinburgh to seek forgiveness from the king; but under pretence of this he delivered them both up on arriving in that city, where Neil was, in April 1613, at once executed, and his son was banished out of the kingdom. The conduct of Macleod of Harris can hardly be commended; but it was, perhaps, a fair return for a piece of treachery of the same kind of which Neil had been guilty some little time previously. He met with the captain of a pirate while he was on Berrissay, with whom he entered into a mutual bond to help each other, both being outlaws. The captain was to defend the rock from the seaward while Neil made his incursions on shore, and they promised faithfully to live and die together; but to make the agreement more secure the captain must marry Neil's aunt, a daughter of Torquil Blair. The day fixed for the marriage having arrived; and having discovered that the captain possessed several articles of value aboard his ship, Neil and his adherents, when the captain was naturally most completely off his guard, treacherously seized the ship and all on board, and sent the captain and his crew off to Edinburgh, thus thinking to secure his own peace as well as whatever was in the ship. They were all hanged at Leith by order of the Council. Much of the silver and gold Neil carried to Harris, where probably it may have helped to tempt Macleod, as it had before tempted himself in the case of the captain, to break faith with Neil.

In 1614, when the Tutor was busily engaged with the Island of Lews, dissensions sprung up between different branches of the Camerons, insti-

gated by the rival claims of the Marquis of Huntly and the Earl of Argyll. The latter had won over the aid of Allan MacDhomhnuill Duibh, Chief of the Clan Cameron, while Huntly had secured the support of Erracht, Kinlochiel, and Glen Nevis, and, by force, placed these in possession of the lands belonging to the Chief's adherents who supported Argyll. Allan, however, managed to deal out severe retribution on his enemies, who were commanded by Lord Enzie, the Marquis's eldest son, and, as is quaintly said, "teaching ane lesson to the rest of kin that are *alqui* in what form they shall carry themselves to their chief hereafter." Huntly, however, obtained orders from the king to suppress these violent proceedings, and called out all his Majesty's loyal vassals to join him. Kintail and the Tutor submitted the difficulties and trials they had in reducing the Lews to good order and peaceable government, and they were exempted from joining Huntly's forces by a special commission from the king. Closely connected as it is with the final settlement of this island, which, Scott says, "was a principality itself," in the possession of the House of Kintail, we shall place it before the reader :—

"James Rex,—James, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, to all and sundry our lieges, and subjects whom it effeirs to whose knowledge this our letters shall come greeting. For as much as we have taken great pains and travails, and bestowed great charge and expense for reducing the Isles of our kingdom to our obedience. And the same Isles being now settled in a reasonable way of quietness, and the chieftains thereof having come in and rendered their obedience to us ; there rests none of the Isles rebellious, but only the Lews, which being inhabited by a number of godless and lawless people, trained up from their youth in all kinds of ungodliness. They can hardly be reclaimed from their impurities and barbarities, and induced to embrace a quiet and peaceable form of living ; so that we have been constrained from time to time to employ our cousin, the Lord Kintail, who rests with God, and since his decease the Tutor of Kintail his brother, and other friends of that House in our service against the rebels of the Lews, with ample commission and authority to suppress their insolence and to reduce that island to our obedience, which service has been prosecuted and followed this diverse years by the power, friendship, and proper service of the House of Kintail, without any kind of trouble and charge or expense to us, or any support or relief from their neighbours ; and in the prosecution of that service, they have had such good and happy success, as divers of the rebels have been apprehended and execute by justice. But seeing our said service is not yet fully accomplished, nor the Isle of the Lews settled in a solid and perfect obedience, we have of late renewed our former commission to our cousin Colin, now Lord of Kintail, and to his Tutor and some other friends of his house, and they are to employ the hale power and service in the execution of the said commission, whilk being a service importing highly our honour, and being so necessary and expedient for the peace and quiet of the whole islands, and for the good of our subjects, haunting the trade of fishing in the Isles, the same ought not to be interrupted upon any other intervening occasion, and our commissioners and their friends ought not to be distracted therefrae for giving of their concurrence in our services.

Therefore, we, with advice of the Lords of our Privy Council, has given and granted our licence to our said cousin Colin, Lord of Kintail, and to his friends, men, tenants, and servants to remain and bide at home frae all osts, reeds, wars, assemblings, and gaddings to be made by George, Marquis of Huntly, the Earl of Enzie, his son, or any other our Lieutenants, Justices, or Commissioners, by sea or land, either for the pursuit of Allan Cameron of Lochiel and his rebellious complices, or for any other cause or occasion whatsoever, during or within the time of our commission foresaid granted against the Lews, without pain or danger to be incurred by our said cousin the Lord of Kintail and his friends in their persons, lands or goods; notwithstanding whatsoever our proclamation made or to be made in the contrair whatever, and all pains contained in, we dispense be their pretts, discharging hereby our Justices, Justice Clerk, and all our Judges and Ministers of law, of all calling, accusing, or any way proceeding against them for the cause aforesaid, and of their officers in that part.

"Given under our signet at Edinburgh, the 14th day of September 1614, and of our reign the 12th, and 48 years. Read, passed, and allowed in Council. All; Coner. Hamilton, Glasgow, Lothian, Binning.

"(Signed) "PRIMEROSE."

Having procured this commission the Mackenzies were able to devote their undivided attention to the Lews and their other affairs at home, and from this period that island principality remained in the undisturbed possession of the noble family of Kintail and Seaforth, until, at a later period, it was, through the misfortunes and extravagance of the family during the rule of the "last of the Seaforths," sold to its present owner, Sir James Matheson of the Lews. The inhabitants ever after adhered most loyally to the illustrious house to whom they owed such peace and prosperity as was never experienced in the history of the island.

The king's commission proved of incalculable benefit to Kintail; for it not only enabled him with the greater ease to pacify and establish good order in the Lews, but at the same time it provided him with undisturbed security in his extensive possessions on the mainland at a time when the most violent disorders prevailed over every other district of the West Highlands and Islands.

Sir Robert Gordon writing about this period, under the year 1477, says*:—"From the ruins of the familie of Clandonald, and some of the neighbouring Hylanders, and also by their own vertue, the surname of the Clankenzie, from small beginnings, began to floorish in these bounds; and by the freindship and favor of the house of Southerland, chieffie of Earle John, fyfth of that name, Earle of Southerland (whose chamberlaines they wer, in receaveing the rents of the earledome of Rosse to his use) ther estate afterward came to great height, yea above divers of ther more auncient nighbors. The cheiff and head of the familie at this day is Colin Mackenzie, Lord of Kyntale, now created Earle of Seaforth." If the family became so powerful in 1477, what must we consider its position under Lord Colin. The Earl of Cromarty informs us that "This Colin was a noble person of virtuous indowments, beloved of all good men, especially his Prince." He acquired and settled the right of the superiority of Moidart and Arisaig, the Captain of Clandonald's lands, which his

* Earldom of Sutherland, p. 77.

father, Lord Kenneth, formerly claimed right to but lived not to accomplish it. Thus, "all the Highlands and Islands from Ardnamurchan to Strathnaver were either the Mackenzie's property, or under his vassalage, some few excepted, and all about him were tied to his familie by verie strict bonds of friendship or vassalage, which, as it did beget respect from many it begot envie in others, especially his equals."

It is difficult to discover any real aid the Mackenzies received from the Earls of Sutherland as stated above by Sir Robert Gordon. We have carefully gone over the work from which the above quotation is made, but were unable to discover a single instance prior to 1477, where the Sutherlands were of any service whatever to the family of Mackenzie; and this gratuitous assumption is another instance of that quality of "partiality to his own family," so characteristic of Sir Robert, and for which the publishers of his work apologise in the Advertisement pre-faced to his History of the Earldom of Sutherland. They "regret the hostile feelings which he expresses concerning others who were equally entitled to complain of aggression on the part of those whom he defends," but "strict fidelity to the letter of the manuscript" would not allow them to omit "the instance in which this disposition appears." After Mackenzie's signal victory at Blar na Paire over the Macdonalds, and Hector Roy's prowess at Drumchait, the Earl of Sutherland thought that the family of Mackenzie, rapidly growing in power and influence, might be of service in the prosecution of his own plans, and in extending his power, and he accordingly entered into the bond of manrent already referred to. We have seen that for a long time after this the advantages of this arrangement were entirely on the side of the Sutherlands, as at Brora and the other places referred to in previous pages. The appointment of Kintail as Deputy-Chamberlain of the Earldom of Ross was due to, and in acknowledgment of, these signal and repeated services; and the obligations and advantages of the office were reciprocal. The first and only instance in which we find the Earl's connection to be of any service to Mackenzie in the field is when he sent "six score" men to support him against Glengarrrie in 1602, and they, as we have already seen, fled before they saw the enemy. So much for the favour and friendship of the House of Sutherland and its results before and after 1477.

Colin became involved in legal questions with the Earl of Argyll about the superiority of Moidart and Arisaig in which he spent most of the great fortune accumulated by the Tutor, but he was ultimately successful in the suit against Argyll. He was frequently at the Court of James VI., with whom he was a great favourite; and he was raised to the Peerage in 1623, by the title of Earl of Seaforth, and Viscount Fortrose. From his influence at Court he had it in his power to be of great service to his followers and friends; nor did he neglect the opportunity, while he exerted himself powerfully and steadily against those who became his enemies from jealousy of his good fortune and high position.

Lord Colin imposed entries and rents upon his Kintail and West Coast tenants, which they and their successors considered a most "grievous imposition." In Lord Kenneth's time and in that of his predecessors, the people had their lands very cheap. After the wars with Glengarry the inhabitants of the West Coast properties devoted themselves

to the improvement of their stock and lands, and accumulated considerable means. The Tutor, Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Coigeach, becoming aware of this, took advantage of their prosperity and imposed a heavy entry on their tacks payable every five years. "I shall give you one instance thereof. The tack of land called Muchd in Letterfearn, as I was told by Farquhar Mac Ian Oig, who paid the first entry out of it to the Tutor, paid of yearly duty before but 40 merks Scots, a cow and some meal, which cow and meal was usually converted to 20 merks; but the Tutor imposed 1000 merks of entry upon it for a five years tack. This made the rent very little for four years of the tack, but very great and considerable for the first year. The same method proportionally was taken with the rest of the lands, and continued so during the Tutor's and Colin's time, but the Earl George, being involved in great troubles, contracted so much debt that he could not pay his annual rents yearly and support his own state, but was forced to delay his annual rents to the year of their entry, and he divided the entry upon the five years with the people's consent and approbation, so that the said land of Muchd fell to pay 280 merks yearly and no entry."

"Colin lived most of his time at Chanonry in great state and very magnificently. He annually imported his wines from the Continent, and kept a store for his wines, beers, and other liquors, from which he replenished his fleet on his voyages round the West Coast and the Lews, when he made a circular voyage every year or at least every two years round his own estates. I have heard John Beggrie, who then served Earl Colin, give an account of his voyages after the bere seed was sown at Allan (where his father and grandfather had a great mains, which was called Mackenzie's girmel or granary), took a journey to the Highlands, taking with him not only his domestic servants but several young gentlemen of his kin, and stayed several days at Killin, whither he called all his people of Stratheonan, Strathbran, Strathgarve, and Brae Ross, and did keep Courts upon them and saw all things rectified. From thence he went to Inverewe, where all his Lochbroom tenants and others waited upon him, and got all their complaints heard and rectified. It is scarcely creditable what allowance was made for his table of Scotch and French wines during these trips amongst his people. From Inverewe he sailed to the Lews, with what might be called a small navy, having as many boats, if not more loaded with liquors, especially wines and English beer, as he had under men. He remained in the Lews for several days, until he settled all the controversies arising among the people in his absence, and setting his land. From thence he went to Sleat in the Isle of Skye, to Sir Donald Macdonald, who was married to his sister Janet, and from that he was invited to Harris, to Macleod's House, who was married to his sister Sybilla. While he tarried in these places the lairds, the gentlemen of the Isles, and the inhabitants came to pay their respects to him, including Maclean, Clan Ranald, Raasay, Mackinnon, and other great chiefs. They then convoyed him to Islandonain. I have heard my grandfather, Mr Farquhar MacRa (then Constable of the Castle), say that the Earl never came to his house with less than 300, and sometimes 500 men. The Constable was bound to furnish them victuals for the first two meals, till my Lord's officers were acquainted to bring in

his own customs. There they consumed the remains of the wine and other liquors. When all these lairds and gentlemen took their leave of him, he called the principal men of Kintail, Lochalsh, and Lochcarron together, who accompanied him to his forest of Monar, where they had a great and most solemn hunting day, and from Monar he would return to Chanonry about the latter end of July.*

He built the Castle of Brahan, which he fancied to build where the old castle of Dingwall stood, or on the hill to the west of Dingwall, either of which would have been very fine and suitable situations; but the Tutor of Kintail, who had in view to build a castle, where he afterwards built Castle Leod, induced the Lord High Chancellor, Seaforth's father-in-law, to prevail upon Lord Colin to build his castle upon his own ancient inheritance, which he did, and which was one of the most stately houses then in Scotland. He also built the greater part of the Castle of Chanonry, and as he was diligent in secular affairs, so he and his lady were very pious and religious. They went yearly to take the Sacraments from Mr Thomas Campbell, the young minister of Carmichael, a good and religious man, and staid eight days with him; nor did their religion consist in form and outward show, but they proved its reality by their good works. He had usually more than one chaplain in his house. He provided the kirks of the Lews without being constrained to do so, and the five kirks in Kintail, Lochalsh, Lochcarron, Lochbroom, and Gairloch, of all of which he was patron, with valuable books from London, the works of the latest and best authors, "whereof many are yet extant." He also laid the foundation for a kirk in Strathconan and Strathbran, of which the walls are "yet to be seen in Main in Strathconan, the walls being built above the height of a man above the foundation, and he had a mind to endow it had he lived longer." He mortified 4000 merks for the Grammar School of Chanonry, and had several works of piety in his view to perform if his death had not prevented it. The last time he went to Court some malicious person, envying his greatness and favour at Court, laboured to give the King a bad impression of him, as if he were not thoroughly loyal; but the King himself was the first who told him what was said about him, which did not a little surprise and trouble the Earl, but it made no impression on the King who was conscious and sufficiently convinced of his loyalty and fidelity. After his return from Court his only son, Lord Alexander, died of smallpox on the 3rd of June 1629, at Chanonry, to the great grief of all who knew him, especially his father and mother. His demise hastened her death at Edinburgh, on the 20th February 1631. She was buried with her father at Fife on the 4th of March; after which the Earl contracted a lingering sickness, which, for some time before his death, confined him to his chamber, during which period he behaved most christianly, putting his house in order, giving donations to his servants, &c. He died at Chanonry on the 15th of April 1633, in the 36th year of his age, and was buried there with his father on the 18th of May following, much lamented and regretted by all who knew him. The King sent a gentleman all the way to Chanonry to testify his respect and concern for him, and to attend his funeral, which took place, on the date already stated, with great pomp and solemnity.

* Ardintoul MS. History of the Mackenzies.

"Before his death he called his successor, George of Kildene, to his bedside, and charged him with the protection of his family; but above all to be kind to his men and followers, for that he valued himself while he lived upon their account more than upon his great estate and fortune."* The King on his last visit to London complimented him on being the best archer in Britain.

Colin, first Earl of Seaforth, Viscount Fortrose, and Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, married, first, Margaret Seton, daughter of Alexander, Earl of Dunfermline, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, by whom he had a numerous family, all of whom died young, except two daughters, the elder of whom, Jean, married John, Master of Berriedale, to whom she had issue, one son, George 6th of Caithness, who died without issue in 1676. She afterwards married Lord Duffus, and died in 1648. The Earl of Seaforth's second surviving daughter, Anna, married Alexander, second Lord Lindsay, who was, in 1651, by Charles II., created Earl of Balcarres, by whom Lady Anna had two sons, Charles and Colin. Charles succeeded his father, and died unmarried. Colin then became third Earl, and married Jane, daughter of David, Earl of Northesk, by whom he had issue an only daughter, who married Alexander Erskine, third Earl of Kellie. Secondly, this Earl of Balcarres married Jane, daughter of William, second Earl of Roxburgh, by whom he had an only daughter, who married John Fleming, sixth Earl of Wigton. This Earl, Balcarres, married a third time, Margaret, daughter of James Campbell, Earl of Loudon, by whom he had two sons, Alexander and James. Alexander succeeded his father, but died without issue, and was succeeded by James, the fifth Earl of Balcarres, from whom the present line descends uninterruptedly, carrying along with it in right of the said Anna, daughter of Colin, Earl of Seaforth, first Countess of Balcarres, the lineal representation of the ancient House of Kintail. Anna married secondly the Earl of Argyll.

We have seen that Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie, had, besides Earl Colin his successor, by his first wife, Lady Anne, daughter of George Ross of Balnagown, two younger sons, John and Kenneth. His second son, John, first designed of Applecross, and afterwards of Lochslin, was married to Isabel, eldest daughter of Alexander, fourth Laird of Gairloch, with whom he had issue, an only daughter, Margaret, who married Sir Norman Macleod of Muiravenside and Bernera. By him she had a son and heir, John Macleod of Contilich, who married Isabel, daughter of Kenneth Mackenzie, first Laird of Scatwell, by Janet, eldest daughter of Walter Ross of Invercharron, and is progenitor of the families of Muiravenside, Bernera, Ulinish, &c. John of Lochslin was currently reported to have died soon after the birth of his daughter from poison, administered to him in a cup of wine in the town of Tain, and his brothers Kenneth and Alexander died unmarried, the latter in 1614. Colin first Earl of Seaforth, died, as already stated, at Fortrose in 1633, and was buried in the Cathedral Church there, in a spot chosen by himself. His son, Lord Alexander, having died on the 3rd of June 1629, and there being no other male issue he was succeeded by his brother.

(To be Continued.)

* Ardintoul, Letterfearn, and other Family MS. Histories.

ORAN

DO DH-UILLEAM A BHORLUIM LE TE DE CHLOINN MHIC-GHILLESHEATHAN-
AICH A BHA NA BANALTRUIM AIGE.

FONN—" 'S teara an diugh mo chuis gaire
Tigh'nn na raidean so 'n iar."

'S TEARC an diugh mo chuis gaire
Bho 'n chaidh Albainn gu stri ;
Fo bhreitheanas namhaid
'Rìgh, na fag sinn air dith.
Tog fein do chrois-tara,
Thoir nan cairdean gu tìr ;
Ann am purgadair tha sinn,
Mur gabh thu Pharraiss na'r sith.

Chaidh an saoghal gu bagairt,
'S eigin aideachadh bhuainn,
Faic a choir ann an diobradh,
Chaill an fhirinn a bonn.
Tha na h-urrachan prìseil
A dol sìos mar am moll,
Aig fìor-Chuigse na rioghachd,
'Cur nan disnean a fonn.

Athair seall oirnn 'san tìm so,
Bho'n tha 'n iobairt ud trom,
'Chuirge tha bòtadh na binne,
Gu de 'nì sinn air lòm,
'S daoin iad 'loisgeadh am Biobull,
'Chur na fìrinn a bonn :—
Fhuair fìr Shasuinn an stiobull
'N deigh an rìgh 'chuir air luing.

Bi'bh ag urnuigh le dichìoll
Dia 'chur dìon air an luing,
Faicibh 'm posd' air a dhiobradh
Leis an stiobull ud lòm ;
An t-oighre tuisleach a' dìreadh,
O'n 'se ar mì-run a thoill,
Aig luchd-mortaidd na fìrinn
S' mòr a libhrig sibh bhuaibh.

Ma 's iad 'ur cealgan cho lionmhor
'Chuir an rìgh so gu gluas'd,
'Chuir sibh corruich gu dìlinn ;
'S plaigh bho'n Easbuig air buaidh,
Rinn sibh Anna a charadh
Gun a bàs a thoir suas ;
Seumas 'chur air an t-saile—
'Sgeula chraidh sinn 's an uair,

Shaoladh Seumas og Stiubhart,
Fhad 's bhiodh triuir air a sgàth,
Nach tugadh Gordonaich cùl da,
A Gheall a chuis air a chlàr,
Ged tha'n coileach na fhuidse
Cha be dhuthchas 'bhi bàth ;
'S ole a dhearbha thu do dhurachd
Gus an crùn thoir a càs.

Tha do chairdean mòr uasal,
'S iad fo ghruaim riut gach là,
'S eigin daibhsean 'bhi'm fuath riut,
Ged is cruaidh e ri radh,
Bhrist thu 'n cridhe le smuairnean,
An aobhar buairidh no dha,
'S tha each ag eughach mu'n cuairt
Gun deach dochruadal mu làr. [duit,

Air dhomh tionndadh mo leaba,
Sgar an cadal sud bhuam,
M' aobhar clisgidh a dhuig mi,
Shil mo shuilean gu tròm,
A feitheamh Caisteal na Mòidhe,
Am bu tric tathaich nan sonn,
Se'n diugh na fhasach gun uaislean,
No gun tuath bhi mu bhonn.

Feitheamh Caisteal na tairne,
Dheth 'm b' abhaist 'bhi smuid
Tha do bhaintighearna ghasda,
An deighe pasgadh a ciuil,
'S tric a deoir oirre 'bras-ruith,
Mu Shir Lachluinn nan tìr,
O'n chaidh prìosan an Sasuinn
Air sàr ghaigseach nach lùb.

Tha do chòmhlachan glaiste,
'S tha do gheataichean duint' ;
Oig phriseil na pailte,
Cha b'ann le aire no le bruid,
Thu bhi 'n toir air a cheartas,
'Se chuir air aiseag thu nùll ;
Ghabh thu toiseach a ghùtair,
Ged a shraicheadh thu.

Mo chreach Uilleam a Bhorluim,
'Bhi aig Deorsa na thùr,
Am fear misneachail morlaoch,
A lean a choir air a cùl,
Beinn sheoin thu nach diobair,
Cridhe dileas gun lùb,
'S e fo chòmhla gu diblidh
'N diugh ga dh'iteadh 's gach bùth.

'Sa Rìgh dhùlaich na feartan,
Tionndaidh 'n reachd so mu'n cuairt,
Thoir gach duthchasach dhachaidh,
Dh'fhalbh air seacharan bhuainn,
Mac-an-Toisich nam bràtach,
A's Clann Chatain nam buadh,
A ghabh fogradh o'n aitreibh,
'S cha b'ann le masladh no ruaig.

Chuir e m'inntinn gu leughadh
De mar dh' eirich so dhuinn,
Am faic thu 'n t-eilean na eunar,
Gun aobhar eibhneis na thùr ;
Far am b' aigeannach teudan,
An am eiridh don chuir,
Fion na Spainne ga eughach,
Air slainte Sheumais a chrùin.

Am faic thu'n t-uachdaran brèige,
Air aon sgeul ris a Phàp ;
'S iad a dannadh a cheile,
O'n latha 'dh' eirich am bràth,
Gur-a thùsach an sgeula
'Bhi ga eisdeachd o chàch ;
Mheall thu coileach na feile,
Dhit a chleir e gu bas.

'N coileach dona gun fhirinn,
Ghibht e chirean sa ghràs,
Cha 'n eil feum ann gu sgriobadh,
Is cha dirich e'n spàrr,
Ma gheibh MacCailean na lìn thu,
Bheir e eis dhìot gu dàn,
'S daor a phaidheas tu 'n tim s'
Air son na firinn a bha.

'S gur-a sean leam a choir sin,
A th'aig Deors' air a chrùn,
Ma s' e Chuigs 'tha ga sheoladh,
Guidheam leon air a chàis,
Ghlac thu'n t-urram air or-bheinn,
'S bu daor an comhrag sin duinn ;—
Sgrios a thigh'nn air a ghàradh
Mu'n cinn barr ann nì's mò.

N.B.—The above song I copied from an old manuscript. It may at least interest the writer of the Sketch of Brigadier Mackintosh of Borlum.

A. M'L. S.

NOVA SCOTIA.

THE OLD CHIEF'S LAMENT.

After the Battle of Culloden.

Oh! Scotland, dear Scotland, thy mountains
Where freedom's bright ensign did wave
Seem dark, and thy once crystal fountains
Are dyed with the blood of the brave!

Around us a cloud of gloom gathers,
Our green vales are tarnished with gore;
Poor orphans are mourning for fathers,
And widows their husbands deplore!

My brave son unfolded our banner,
Our clansmen known never to yield,
Soon flocked round the standard of honour,
And rushed for their Prince to the field.

But many who left with hearts bounding,
And marched o'er the red blooming heath,
Hope-flushed, to the war-pipes shri'ling sounding,
Are now in the cold grasp of Death!

Edinburgh^h.

And where is the Prince we love dearly?
Methinks the wind, wailing, replies,
"The gallant and bonnie young Charlie
In some dismal cave lonely lies!"

The land of the Gael hath been trodden,
Alas! by a vile Saxon foe,
And on the bleak moor of Culloden
Our bravest and best are laid low!

I hear, as the death-car loud rattles,
These words on mine ear falling strange,
"The great God of judgments and battles
Those cruelties yet shall avenge!"

Ah! yes, the foul fiends will be smitten
With horror and branded with shame,
By Him, while our deeds shall be written
With gold in the ledger of Fame!

ALEXANDER LOGAN.

TAIN: THE BIRTHPLACE OF JAMES IV., KING OF SCOTS.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL A. STEWART ALLAN, F.S.A., SCOT.,

F.R. HIST. S., &c., &c.

—o—

It is rather singular that no Scottish historian has hitherto noticed the place of birth of our chivalrous monarch, James the Fourth; and even the date of that event has never been stated with reliable accuracy, by any writer with whom I am acquainted. The year has been variously given as 1472, 1473, and 1474, according to different authorities; and the narratives of Pinkerton, Tytler, and even that of the present "historiographer royal for Scotland," Burton—not to mention those of minor historians—are extremely vague and unsatisfactory. The late Agnes Strickland, in her interesting *Life of Margaret Tudor*, states in a footnote:—"St Patrick's Day, March 17 (1472), is mentioned by some historians as James IV.'s birthday; yet not only the day, but the year of his birth, is variously quoted. Bishop Lesley's History gives the above date. He could scarcely be mistaken in the year of his royal patroness's grandfather. Lesley's Hist., p. 39." ["Lives of the Queens of Scotland," vol. i., p. 16. Edinburgh, 8vo, 1850.] Miss Strickland is nearly correct, but confides too much in Lesley, a very careless recorder of dates; though, in the present instance, he only errs in the year; which was 1472 *more Scoticano*, but 1473, historically; the other being the civil and legal computation in Scotland, until January 1, 1600, when the year was ordered to commence on that day instead of, as previously, on March 25—by a royal proclamation of December 17, 1599. [*Reg. Sec. Conc., in Archivis Publicis Scotiæ*] while in England, and some other countries, the old style was used up to Jan. 1, 1753—[*Stat. 24, George II., cap. 23*]—by which considerable confusion existed, and numerous mistakes occurred, and even now occur in dates. Bishop Lesley's account is as follows:—"James, eldest son to King James the Third, was borne the...day of Marche 1472, quha aftiruart wes callit James the fourt, and wes ane juste and guide prince." [*Historie of Scotland 1436-1561. By John Lesley, Bishop of Ross. Bannatyne Club Edit., 4to, Edinburgh, 1830, p. 39.*] The day of the month is not recorded in the above history, but the year is established as 1473, from the recorded appearance of the comet of January preceding; and it betrays carelessness in Tytler and others, placing the event in 1472, though the former gives the day as "the seventeenth of March 1472." [*"History of Scotland," ed. 1841; vol. iv. p. 206.*] Buchanan records:—"Nuptiæ Jacobi Tertii et Margaritæ Reginæ, magno Nobilitatis concursu, celebratæ, decimo die mensis Julii, anni M.CCCC.LXX. Ex eo matrimonio, tertio post anno, natus est Jacobus, qui patri in regnum successit, mense Martio, die sacro Divo Patricio." [*"Georgii Buchanani Opera Omnia—Rerum Scoticarum Historia"—fol. edit. Edinburgi, 1715; "Curante Thoma Ruddimanno, A.M." Tom i., lib. xii., p. 228.*] Ruddiman, in his "Annotationes," [p. 444.] endeavours to support this date of the marriage of King James III., but it is not generally admitted, and the actual year appears to have been 1469, July 10, Monday; when the young princess

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was only in the twelfth year of her age, as her Maundy 'Almous' at Pasche, 1474, were "xvij gowms, and xvij hudis." ["Compota Thesaurarium Regum Scotorum"—*fol. 52a, p. 71.*] Mair has:—"A.D., 1469. decimo autem die Julii Norvegiæ Regis filiam Margaretam nomine *duodecim annos* natam Jacobus tertius 20. annos natus Edimburgi, conjugem capit." ["*Historia Majoris Britanniae.*" *Edit. nova, Edimburgi, 4to, 1740: lib. xix., p. 328.*] *Lesley*.—"And the mariage wes solempnisit in the Abbay kirk of Hallierudhouse besyd Edinbruch, the x. day of July, the King and Quene being almaist equall of aige." [History of Scotland—"ut. *supra*, pp. 37-38.] Here the good bishop is right in the year, but mistaken as to the age of the new Queen of Scots. Wyntoun has July 13, 1469, as the day of marriage [*MS. Regist.* at the end of his "Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland,"] but is the only one who gives that day of the month. *Lesley* again records—"Nuptiæ decimo Iulii in æde Sanctæ Cruci dicata, prope Edinburgum, summa omnium gratulatione celebratæ fuerunt." ["*De Origine Moribus & rebus gestis Scotorum.*" *4to edit. Romæ 1675; lib. viii., p. 303,* but under the year 1468.] Joannes Ferrerius Pedemontanus, in his Appendix to Boyce's History, says that the marriage was solemnised—"quum Rex iam circiter vicesimum ætatis annum ageret, Regina vero decimum sextum." ["*Scotorum Hist., fol. Parigi 1574, p. 388, l. 70*] in which he errs about the Queen's age being sixteen, as also in that of the King; afterwards he has—"1472 anno redemptionis nostre, 1472. die vero decima mensis Martij natus est Jacobo regi eiusdem tertio filius, qui in sacro fonte baptismatis patris sui nomē accepit: quem postea Jacobum quartum appellarūt." [Boethius, *ut. supra; p. 392, l. 60.*] Lindsay of Pitcottie has as follows:—"In the yeir of our Lord 1471 yeires, James the Thrid, being of the aige of twentie yeires, took to wayffe the King of Denmarkis dochter, called Margaret. This marriage was solempnized in Edinburgh, the gentlevoman being bot *twelff yeires* of age at this tyme." ["*Cronicles of Scotland.*" *8vo. edit., Edinburgh, 1814; vol. i., p. 176.*] These discrepancies are rather puzzling, and difficult to reconcile satisfactorily, or with complete accuracy; but it may be considered sufficiently established that the marriage of King James III., with the Princess Margaret of Denmark took place at Edinburgh, on (Monday) July 10, 1469; when he was exactly *eighteen* years of age (having been born on July 10, 1451), and his girl-bride only *twelve*, and therefore in her thirteenth year, as correctly stated by the best authorities, whose testimony can be relied upon; her birth may therefore be placed in 1457, though the month is not recorded. She was the only daughter of Christian I. of Oldenburg, King of Denmark 1448—of Norway 1449—and of Sweden 1459—who died at Kjobenhavn (Copenhagen), May 22, 1481, aged 54, by his wife Dorothea of Brandenburg, married in 1459, and died Nov. 25, 1495; and who had previously married, in 1445, Christopher, King of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, who died issueless, at Helsingburg in Scania, Jan. 6, 1448. ["*L'Art de Vérifier les Dates.*"—*8vo, Paris, 1818; tome viii., pp. 187-9.*] Queen Margaret predeceased her amiable husband, dying at Stirling, July 14, 1486, and being interred at Cambuskenneth Abbey; though even here there are doubts as to the precise date, which is enveloped in the usual obscurity which surrounds all the domestic events in the lives of the Scottish royal families, even so late as the first half of the

sixteenth century, owing to the deplorable destruction of our national records. Her age at the period of her death could therefore have been only twenty-nine, and the sole issue of this marriage was three sons; for no female progeny survived to represent the graces, or mild virtues of their excellent mother. She is universally considered as having been one of the greatest beauties, as well as most accomplished Princesses of the time; and her virtues are said to have equalled, if not surpassed, her personal charms.

I hope I have now established, on sufficient authority, that the Prince of Scotland was born in March 1473, either on the 10th or 17th of that month, but most probably on the latter day, the *Feast of St Patrick*; which is corroborated by the amount of his Maundy alms, and by the payment made "to the notar, quhen the King maid his reuocacioun in Douchale, that samyn day—the xvj. day of March 1497-8." ["Compota Thesaur Reg. Scot.," *vol. i.*, p. 383.] He being then of "perfect age," that is, having completed his twenty-fifth year; the writ being obviously prepared the day before the "revocatioun." The Exchequer Rolls also contain the following corroboration:—" . . . quousque dominus rex revocaverat huiusmodi literas ad suam perfectam etatem *viginti quinque* annorum, que revocacio facta fuit in festo St Patricii anno Domini, etc. nonagesimo septimo"—1497-8. ["Exchequer Rolls," *No. 314.*] which may be deemed conclusive. Further, on April 8, 1473, King James III. granted a charter of the lands of Tibbermellok to George of Muncrefe—"dilecto familiari armigero, pro suofideli seruicio . . . et quia sua coniux Mettey (Metta), nacionis Dacie, familiaris nostre serenissime coniugis regine, nobis felicem nuncium attulit nostram predictam coniugem nobis pulcerrima forma filium peperisse, nosque eo pacto regio prole patrem effecisse et constituisse parentem." ["Regist. Mag. Sigill.," *lib. vii.*, n. 236; cf. *Preface—pp. xlv. xlv.*—to "Accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, A.D. 1473-1498," *vol. i.*, *passim*; so ably edited by Thomas Dickson, 'Curator of the Historical Department of the General Register House, Edinburgh,' 1877; and to which work I must acknowledge my great obligations in this article. [Pinkerton, in a footnote, notices this fact—after marginally placing the birth of the Prince on March 10, 1472. "On the 8th April 1473, appears a grant to Moncrief, because his wife, a Densk (Danish) woman, brought the king tidings of the birth of a fair boy, Scotst. Cal." ["History of Scotland," 4to, London, 1797, *vol. i.*, p. 278.] From this interesting entry, it may be inferred that the king was absent from the queen's side at the period of his son's birth, of which the joyful news was conveyed to him by Dame Moncreif, a Danish lady, who was one of the attendants, or bedchamber women, to Queen Margaret, her countrywoman, and present at the royal accouchement of this "beautiful boy," in the chapel of St Duthach, at Tain.

Mrs Everett Green, who is so well-known as an able and accomplished historical writer, in her life of Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry the Seventh, has the following *foot-note*:—"The date and circumstances of the birth of James IV. have been involved in much uncertainty. Both are partially cleared up by entries in the treasurer's accounts, which speak of the Abbey of 'St Duthake, at Tayn, in Ross-shire, where the king was

born,' and give incidentally the year of his birth, by references to the custom of giving, on every Maundy Thursday, dresses to a number of poor men, corresponding with the number of years of the king's life, that of his birth inclusive. From these it appears that he was born A.D. 1472, after Easter." ["Lives of the Princesses of England," London, 1852: vol. 4, p. 97.] With every deference to this note of Mrs Green, I think she is mistaken as to the day being "after Easter," and the year should certainly be A.D. 1473; Easter Sunday, in 1472, fell upon March 29, and in 1473 upon April 18, [cf. De Morgan's "Book of Almanacs," oblong 4to, London, 1851: pp. 5, 30, 70.] March 10 or 17 was therefore *before* Easter, in either of these years; but this is immaterial, as regards the curious fact of King James IV. having been born in the royal burgh of Tain in Ross-shire, and probably in the precincts, or within the Collegiate Church of St Duthach, its Patron Saint; a fact now sufficiently established, which must be interesting to all readers of the *Celtic Magazine*, and therefore entered into here rather fully. The frequent pilgrimages performed by this monarch to the shrine of the venerated St Duthach, who is styled "Doffin, their demigod of Ross," in a ribald poem written in the sixteenth century, on "The Battle of Flodden Field," [Edited by Henry Webber, Edinburgh, 1808; p. 27, l. 512.] are now sufficiently accounted for, by its being the place of his nativity, for which he naturally felt a strong affection. The numerous penitential visits which King James IV., paid to this distant place of worship appear to have been undertaken annually—from 1496 (if not earlier), down to 1513—the last being in August of the latter year; and barely a month before the fatal field of Flodden, where he lost his life along with the flower of the Scottish nobility and commonality. The Treasurer's Accounts record no less than seventeen of these pilgrimages, with a statement of the personal expenses incurred during these long journeys, sometimes "quhen he rade alane to the North," as in 1507. On October 23, 1504, the "Kingis grace made an offering of fourteen shillings in Sanct Duthois Chapel in the Kirkzaird of Tayn, quhair he was borne." These important notices are taken from a paper, which was read in February 1846, to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, at Edinburgh, by David Laing—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—and seem clearly to prove the fact of the king having been born at Tain. The probability is, that the young queen, then only in her sixteenth year, had gone on a pilgrimage to the venerated fane of the "blessed Bishop of Ross," to obtain a safe delivery, in her approaching confinement, of her first-born child; her extreme youth having prevented her becoming a mother during the previous period, of nearly four years which had elapsed since her early marriage, in July 1469. The fact, also, that the king, her husband, was then away in the south of Scotland, and apparently unacquainted with the birth of his son and heir, for about three weeks subsequently—as already shown, by his gift of April 8, 1473—would lead to the inference, that Prince James's first appearance in this world had occurred sooner than was anticipated, in fact somewhat prematurely. On the recovery of the Queen, we find it recorded, in the Accounts of the Treasurer, that in August following, Queen Margaret, accompanied by the King and a suitable retinue, set out on a pilgrimage to render her devout thanksgivings, at another venerated shrine, that of St Ninian, at Whitherne,

in Galloway. In connection with this journey, the Accounts show payments by the master of the household, for travelling gear—panniers and saddle bags—and for a riding gown, and other articles of attire, for the Queen, and “for lyveray govnis to sex ladys of the Quenis chalmire at hire passing to Quhytehirne.” [“Compota,” *ut supra*, Preface; pp. xlv.-xlvii. 29, 44 folios, 22 a.b., 32 b., A.D. 1473.] The Gaelic name of the ancient town of Tain, still in common use among the Highlanders of Ross-shire, (as well-known to your readers), is “Baile-Dhuthaich,” or *Duthach's town*; from S. Duthach, who is said to have been an early Bishop of, or rather in, Ross, and died at Armagh, in Ireland, A.D. 1065, as recorded in the *Annals of Senait MacManus*, commonly called “The Annals of Ulster, compiled in 1498—“1065 Kal. Jan. vij., f.l. xx. Anno Domini MLXv., *Duthach Albannach prim Annchara Erin Albain in Ardmacha quievit*.” [From “MS. Bodleian Library, Oxford—*Rawlinson, B. 489*,” as given in *Skene's* “Chronicles of the Picts and Scots;” *Edin. 1867, p. 370.*] This corrects the date of A.D. 1253, usually assigned for his death; his remains were evidently translated from Ireland to his native place, in the latter year, his festival being kept in the Church of Scotland on March 8, though it is placed on June 19, by Camerarius. [“De Scotorum Fortitudine,” *etc.*, Paris, 4to, 1631, pp. 112-3, 159.] The following authorities on this point may also be consulted:—“Breviarum Aberdonense Pars Hiemalis,” [London, 4to, 1854; folios lxx.-lvi., “Sancti Duthaci episcopi et confessoris.”] “Registrum Episcopatus Aberdonensis,” [Spalding Club Edit., 4to, Edinb., 1845; vol. ii., pp. 160-167.] *Adamnan's* “Life of St Columba,” edit. Reeves [4to, 1857, Dublin, p. 401, note.] *Lesley*, “De Origine—Scotorum;” [4to, Romæ, 1675, p. 216.] *M'Lauchlan's* “Early Scottish Church,” [8vo, Edinb. 1865, p. 338.] *Keith's* “Catalogue” [4to, 1755, p. 110, and edit. Russell, 1824, p. 186] which puts the death of “Duthac, Bishop of Ross, in 1249,” an evident error, of nearly two centuries, and not corrected even in Russell's new edition of “Spottiswoode's History of the Church of Scotland” [Spottiswoode Society, Edinb., 8vo, 1851, vol. i., pp. 246-7] though the original editions of that work [in folio, 1655 and 1677, pp. 110, and Appendix, p. 45] exclude—and properly—*Duthac* from the list of “Bishops of Ross” in the thirteenth century; when the See was certainly filled by its bishop *Robert*, an energetic and zealous prelate, who presided at “Rosmarkyn, in Ross,” for about forty years, established the cathedral chapter there—under papal sanction and confirmation, in 1235-1238—and died A.D. 1255, in or shortly before being succeeded, as Bishop of Ross, by a prelate of the same name, who was confirmed there previously to Feb. 9, 1256, and finally fixed the capitular establishment of the Church of Rosmarkyn, or “Chanonry” of the diocese. Reference may also be made, with advantage, to “Origines Parochiales Scotiæ” [Bannatyne Club Ed., 4to, Edinb., 1851, vol. ii., part ii., pp. 416-433, “Tain”], so ably compiled by the late Mr James B. Brichtan (a former tutor of my own, nearly forty years ago). It is there stated that—“The church, dedicated to Saint Duthace, appears to have stood on the low beach north of the town, where its ruins, composed of strongly cemented granite blocks, and now known as the chapel of Saint Duthace, may still be seen. The chapel of Saint Duthace (“Sanct Duthois Chapell in the Kirkzaird of Tayn,” as recorded in the *Treasurer's Accounts*), stood in the town, or

close to it, and was erected into the Collegiate Church of Tain," by King James III., on Sep. 12, A.D. 1487. ["Regist. Magni Sigilli," *lib. x., No. 109*], "in honorem Sancti Duthaci Pontificis," for a provost, five canons or prebendaries, two deacons or sub-deacons, a sacrist, with an assistant clerk, and three singing boys; the constitution of the new foundation being confirmed, by Pope Innocent VIII., A.D. 1492. After the melancholy assassination of James III., an annual sum was paid out of the royal treasury, by order of his son and successor, to the Chaplain of Saint Duthois (Sir Donald Rede) who was chantry priest there in 1494-97, 'that sings for the King in Tayn', for masses for the weal of the deceased monarch's soul. All which circumstances confirm the great respect and regard which King James IV., entertained throughout his life for S. Duthach's Chapel and his town of Tain, where he first saw the light; and there can be no reasonable doubts on the point, though it is strange that no one, among Scottish historians, has given any prominence, or indeed made direct allusion, to the facts of the case, surely an interesting and important event. The Statistical Accounts of the parish of Tain, both old and new (published in 1792 and 1837-41), add nothing to our knowledge, and both are extremely meagre and unsatisfactory, but the latter was a juvenile attempt of a native of the town, and his labours must be viewed with indulgence; as I hope mine may have been, with reference to those of the neighbouring parishes of Kincardine and Edderton, both written in 1840 in early youth, and containing some statements, which I now see require considerable modification. The best architectural description of the Church of S. Duthach, or *old Church of Tain*, (now repaired and partially restored, through the energetic efforts, I believe, of my old friend, Provost John Macleod, "who entered into rest" on March 18, 1878, at the patriarchal age of 88 years—with the esteem and regrets of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance), is to be found in a little work—unfortunately, not much known—by the late learned and excellent Dr J. Mason Neale, Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead, in Sussex, entitled "*Ecclesiastical Notes on the Isle of Man, Ross, Sutherland, and the Orkneys.*" (*London, Masters, 18mo, 1848, pp. 118, with engravings.*) The details given there are very correct, and the account of the chapel, where the birth of Scotland's future monarch seems to have actually taken place—though somewhat unexpectedly—is so graphic as to merit reproduction here:—"The chapel attached to the choir is so completely a ruin that it is impossible to describe it; that detached to the south is nearly perfect, except for the roof. Mounting a mass of rubbish on the north side, I sat down on the ruined wall for the purpose of making notes, when the weakened stones gave way, and had nearly rendered my pilgrimage to S. Duthus one of very uncomfortable results. It is earlier than the church, and perhaps was the original shrine; for the present church, from the excessive shortness of its nave, though founded for secular Priests, could never have been parochial." (*Neale, ut. supra, pp. 64-5.*) This detached chapel, on the south of the church itself, may therefore be reasonably considered as having been the place where the royal birth occurred; the circumstances connected with which have been here recorded, with all the accuracy possible, or attainable by the present writer, from various historical sources. Neale also states that the venerable

church and its surroundings were "in a state to which I should have imagined it impossible for any place of worship, in a professedly Christian country, to be degraded. The smell of decaying wood—the exhalations from the vaults, the dampness, the rottenness, the horrible filth, the green mould, the decaying baize, the deserted appearance of the whole, render this a shocking place." From personal recollections, of the disgracefully neglected state of the old Church of S. Duthach, several years before Dr Neale's visit to Tain, in July 1848, I can fully confirm the above statements. But this has now been rectified, and the building presented a very different appearance when I saw it in September 1873, and was conducted over it by the venerable Provost Macleod, who felt a natural pride in showing me its renovated condition, for which the credit was due to himself, and the co-operation enlisted by him, as chief magistrate of the town and royal burgh of Tain.

But I must now bring this paper to a close, as I fear that it has exceeded the usual limits of a magazine article; though it is one which should excite interest to your numerous readers in the North of Scotland.

RICHMOND, SURREY, June 19, 1878.

Fest of St Duthach, "Bishop and Confessor."

COME! HIGHLAND MAIDS.

—o—

Come! Highland maids in beauty's bloom, pour forth your native trills,
Till borne on smiling echo's wing they wake the silent hills;
Pour forth your Caledonian lays, in Caledonia's tongue,
Afar your voices raise with joy our heaths and glens among.
The music that hath cheered the hearts cold slumbering in the grave,
The music that hath fed the deeds of plaided warriors brave;
The music that hath lit the gloom of castle and of cot,
Should ever in your bosoms be! should never be forgot.

Then sing the songs of Caledon, the songs of love and war,
The mountain melodies of home that dearest ever are;
The songs that soothe dark sorrows hour, and joys unsullied give,
Must cherished be, and ever in the Highland bosom live.

Each murmuring stream in lonely glens your fathers loved to hear,
The memories of other years they still are chanting clear;
Each silvery torrent sounds the notes which ancient bards inspired,
Till burst their kindred melodies, by love and beauty fired.
Then shall their hallowed Highland songs which tell of happy years,
Which fill the heart with ecstasy, or melt the soul to tears,
Be heard no more on Highland hearths, on mountain or on lea?
No! no! ye Highland maids reply, They'll ne'er forgotten be.
We'll sing the songs of Caledon, &c., &c.

Each thunder-battled mountain crest where clouds affrighted sleep,
Each gloomy gorge or rugged peak where maddened lightnings leap,
Is fraught with some heroic song in heaven's exultant mould,
Which bears the deathless halo still of minstrelsy of old.
Each silent heath of loneliness where waves the heather bell,
Each mossy cairn, or ruin grey, or bonnie flowery dell,
Is circled with the light of song which cannot, will not, fade,
While love and beauty stand the boast of every Highland maid
Who sings the songs of Caledon, &c., &c.

Sunderland.

WM. ALLAN.

NORTHERN FOLK-LORE ON WELLS AND WATER.

BY ALEX. FRASER, ACCOUNTANT.

III.

HAVING exhausted Inverness and its immediate neighbourhood, we now proceed to notice such other celebrated springs as may occur to us. Cul-loden presents us with several, amongst the most remarkable of which are "Tobar na Coille," or Well of the Wood, also styled the Lady, or St Mary's Well; "Tobar Ghorm," or Blue Well, from its colour; "Tobar na h-Oige," or the Well of Youth, because washing therein, and drinking thereof, restored youthfulness, or its similitude to the devotee; and "Tobar nan Cleireach," or the Well of the Priests, as they washed thereat preparatory to engaging in the religious rites performed at the adjoining places of worship. St Mary's, lately more generally designated "The Culloden Well," is the best known, and has been the most frequented in the district. It is situated in the birch wood, above the mansion-house of Culloden, at a distance of about two miles from Inverness, and is surrounded by an imposing array of venerable trees of various kinds. A mountain rill of trifling proportions wends its way seaward, at a slight distance to the east, through a slope of gentle declivity. The well emerges to sight from amid the centre of a small platform lying on this slope, and discharges its overflow into the mountain rill. Peat hags, quaking bogs, deep ravines, and lofty trees form the predominating features in the surrounding landscape. At all seasons a solemn silence, a sacred, mysterious gloom, an oppressive stillness reign around; and a kind of superstitious awe is experienced as one approaches the Holy Well. Bird and beast disappear in terror at the slightest intrusion, even the wild discordant music of the mountain stream, as it rushes through a deep and rugged ravine in the vicinity, seems hushed. The spring, as we have said, is situated on a small elevated plateau, is encased in a stone basin both around and beneath, and at one time had a cover over it, and was under lock and key. It is about a foot and a-half in diameter, the depth being nearly two feet. The water is chalybeate, and the flow is constant, though gentle. A circular stone building, about the size of an ordinary small sitting-room, and of the same height, encloses the well, the floor being laid with stone flags. A wooden seat runs round inside; and vacant niches indicate that at one time, there were presses in the wall. In former days, a wooden roof of conical form, tapering to a point, enlivened with neat, rustic-work lattices, surmounted the building. Now, however, there only remains the circular stone enclosure, which is covered with sod. The door-way of the structure looks eastward to greet the rising sun. Directly to the west, at the distance of a few yards, lies a large circular excavation, which is faced with stone in the manner of an ordinary stone dyke. Probably this was also flagged in its floor. It is now gradually filling up with earth and rubbish, while here and there some shrubs have taken possession, and appear in a thriving condition. There was communication betwixt the well and this large basin, by means

of a drain or pipe, traces of which are still visible. Here, probably, the pilgrims of old performed their ablutions; or, perhaps, this artificial tank was filled before hand to meet the demands of the crowds who gathered together on the first Sunday in May, as it was utterly impossible that all could drink from the fountain head within the limited period during which doing so possessed any virtue. The trees and shrubs all around are adorned with variously coloured rags, bits of thread and string. Names, initials, and dates, carved in all manner of styles, deface the trunks of most of the finest trees. The latest date we observed was 1870. Even at the present day, we are informed, the spot is not without its frequenters, but can scarcely credit that anybody is so deluded as to attribute any virtue to the water. In former days, and that too, not very long ago, the Culloden Well was very largely patronised by the surrounding districts. Inverness, in particular, contributed a large quota of servant girls and shop lads, not to mention others. The proper season to pay a visit was, as we have remarked, the first Sunday in May, and in order that any benefit the water could bestow, might be fully and completely reaped, it was absolutely necessary for the devotee to be on the ground immediately before sunrise. Consequently, on the previous Saturday night, crowds might be seen wending their way from all quarters to the sacred fount. When we call to mind that there was a public-house, at a distance conveniently near on the line of march, that the throng, consisting of male and female, was a very miscellaneous one indeed, and that no early closing Act was as yet in force, we can more easily imagine than describe the wild scenes of riot and dissipation that were invariably enacted. Latterly the custom of visiting this well has fallen very much into disuse, being denounced from the pulpit, and prevented as much as possible by the proprietor. The usual tribute of rags, bits of thread, small coins, pins, &c., were paid here as elsewhere. Leaving a rag meant the laying aside of the trouble with which the party might be afflicted. Coins and other contributions thrown into the waters propitiated the good will of the saint, or averted the power of the evil one and his emissaries to inflict mischief. If any person was bold enough to remove a rag, he was sure to inherit the disease supposed to be attached thereto. Many years ago, a pleasant well-kept path conducted the visitor from the high road to this sacred spot, and a woman, possibly yet alive, acted as a kind of priestess, providing dishes, opening the door of the building which guarded the precincts, and generally kept the place and approach in order. In Roman Catholic times a small chapel or altarage, dedicated to St Mary, stood near, of which even the very ruins have long since disappeared.

Craigack Well on the north side of Munloch Bay, on the northern side of the Beaully Firth, was frequented by the people of the eastern part of the Black Isle for much the same purposes as that at Culloden. It is situated to the east of a neglected, or worked-out free-stone quarry near Bay Cottage. The usual offerings and ceremonies were performed, but the proper time to visit the spot was before sunrise on the first Sunday of May in the old style. The people, old and young, the hale and hearty, as well as the sick, infirm, and desponding, thronged to the fount at the approach of sunrise, as to a fair. Drinking of the water restored health

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to the invalid, ensured soundness of constitution, for a year at least, to the strong, and rendered null, in favour of all alike, the effects of the evil eye and witchcraft. This spring was also dedicated to the Virgin Mary. St Andrew's Well, near Kilcoy, in the parish of Killearnan, and St Colman's, in that of Kiltarn, were similarly frequented and honoured.

In a cave at Craighew, in the neighbourhood of Craigack, is a small spring which issues from a rock in its side. This water, no doubt, from its mysterious position, was believed to possess extraordinary properties, and was especially effective in cases of severe headache and deafness. One of the reputed prophecies of the Brahan Seer is thus recorded :—"In the Parish of Avoch is a well of beautiful, clear water, out of which the Brahan Seer, upon one occasion took a refreshing draught. So pleased was he with the water, that he looked at his Blue Stone and said—"Whoever he be that drinketh of thy water henceforth, if suffering from any disease, shall, by placing two pieces of straw or wood on thy surface, ascertain whether he will recover or not. If he is to recover, the straws will whirl round in opposite directions, if he is to die soon, they will remain stationary."

But to return to the parish of Petty, from which we have somewhat wandered, we have to observe further, that besides being rich in springs, the district is remarkable for the amount and variety of objects of historical, archaeological, and natural interest, which it offers to the attention of the diligent student. Before finally quitting the district we shall note two of these. The one is a holed stone, on the eastern confines of the parish, called "Clach-an-tuill." The water collected in this holed stone was supposed to cure wens. The other is "Tobar-na-Goil," or Boiling Fountain, so named on account of the intermittent jets consisting of the purest white sand and water it shoots up. We have seen four of these in operation at once. So soon as the accumulating sand had closed up one mouth, another burst forth into play. This spring is near the Free Church of Petty, and lies in some marshy ground, amid a clump of trees on the opposite side of the high way leading from Inverness to Nairn. It is rectangular in form, and is both wide and deep. The thirsty exhausted traveller as he gazes on the pure, pellucid fount, as the water joyously bubbles up, may break forth into song like the ancient Hebrews in the days of Moses, when Ismael sang this song—"Spring up, O well; sing ye unto it; the princes digged the well, the nobles of the people digged it, by the direction of the lawgiver, with their staves" Near by is "Tor-nan-Cnaimhean," or the Hill of Bones, which, doubtless, commemorates the result of some lawless slaughter of ancient times, or it may have been a place of execution.

In our further notes and observations we shall set down what we have to say without pretending to pursue any particular order.

At Wester Rarichie, in the Parish of Nigg, is a spring termed "Suil na Bà," or the Cow's Eye. The story goes that it once flowed through the trunk of a tree, about four hundred yards south-east of its present site, and that having experienced some insult or injury, it diverted its course to the present position. Similar conduct is related to have been pursued by a host of insulted springs other than those already referred to. Like many others Suil na Bà undoubtedly possesses medicinal virtues, and was wont

to be largely patronised by the suffering as well as the superstitious. The waters act as an aperient, and though now neglected were once much in vogue, as is shown by the following extract from the Kirk-Session Records:—"July 7, 1707.—In regard many out of the parish of Fearn and several other parishes within the Sherifffdom, profane the Sabbath by coming to the well of Rarichies, John and William Gallie, &c., are appointed to take inspection every Saturday evening and Sunday morning, of such as come to the well, and to report accordingly." Near by is a fairy well at which puny children were exposed under the usual circumstances, and with similar results. The parish of Nigg also rejoices in springs with the following imposing names:—"Tobar na Shainte," or the Well of Health, and "John the Baptist's Well."

In the Lews there is a spring, the water of which never boils any kind of meat, however long subjected to the influence of fire. This was, as has been quaintly observed, probably on account of the fuel being wet, and the amount of heat insufficient. Here also is a well dedicated to St Andrew, which was much consulted regarding the probable fate of persons in ill-health. A wooden bowl was laid gently on the surface of the water, if it turned towards the sun the patient would recover, but if in the contrary direction, he was to die. In the case of St Oswald's, Newton, if a shirt or shift, according to the sex of the invalid, were thrown into the water, and it swam, all was well, if, on the other hand, it sank, death was inevitable. In this same island adders of about two feet in length are sometimes to be met with, which, annoy the cattle, and occasionally by their sting or bite, cause death. The remedy was to wash the affected animal and give it to drink of the water in which the head of a similar reptile had been steeped.

As might be expected wells are numerous in the Isle of Skye. In the parish of Strath we find "Tobar-na-h-Annait," or the Well of Annat. According to some she was an ancient river deity and had a place of worship in the vicinity. A granite obelisk, still standing near the manse, is called "Clach-na-h-Annait," or the Stone of Annat. The term Annat is of frequent occurrence in the Highlands. In Perthshire we have the burn and glen of Annat, in Inverness-shire the Farm of Annat, and Ach-nahannet. Various modifications of the word are also to be met with throughout Scotland, in such terms as Nethy and Abernethy. She seems to have been largely worshipped in the Western Isles where traces of her temples are yet discernible. This goddess could assume the form of a horse or bull, and may consequently bear a near relationship to the German Nick or Nickkar. Places of worship dedicated to her were situated at the junction of two streams, and the appropriate sacrifice was a horse. In the same parish we have also "Tobar Ashig," or St Asaph's Well; "Tobar Chliaman," or St Clement's well. Kilmuir in Skye is not behind hand in the number and virtue of its sacred wells and lochs, as has been pointed out by the Rev. Alexander Macgregor in his appendix to the "Prophecies of the Brahan Seer."

In the isle of Barra there is a spring on the top of a hill which, strange to say, was believed to produce cockles in embryo, and then discharge them into the sea to grow big and fat. It is needless to observe that these were, as a matter of course, the best cockles that could be gathered.

The distant St Kilda also had its healing springs. "Tobar-na-buadh," or the spring of virtues, was chiefly effective in cases of deafness and nervous disorders; and "Tobar-nan-Cleireach," or the Priests' Well, reminds us of early practices already referred to.

In the centre of "Eilean Mourie," in Loch-Maree, in Ross-shire, there was a well, now long since dried up, which was considered to possess great virtue in cases of insanity. It was at one time in great repute, and sufferers from all quarters in the district were carried hither to undergo the treatment necessary to effect a cure. The patient was first made to drink of the water of the fountain, then to kneel at the foot of a huge oak partly covered with ivy, present an offering, and thereafter to bathe thrice in the loch. This ceremony had to be repeated until a cure was effected. The patient, when refractory, was tied to the tail of a boat and towed round the island. It was considered a good omen if the well was full at the time of the experiment. It is reported that on one occasion, a mad dog was thrown into the well; the animal of course recovered, but the healing virtues of the waters departed for ever, and in process of time, the well dried up. The tree of offering, the oak above referred to, is covered over with copper coins, pins, buttons, &c., inserted in the fissures in its sides. A gentleman has informed us that on one occasion he observed even some bottles; but surely these were not pious offerings. He also stated that he saw the breast bone of a fowl, the "merry thought." This Eilean Mourie, in turn the holy isle of Druid and Priest, was the scene of many heathenish and superstitious practices in the days of old, mention of some of which will be found in "Days of the Fathers in Ross-shire," the curious work of the Rev. Dr Kennedy, of Dingwall.

St Fillan's Well in Perthshire was also noted for the curing of insanity. After various ceremonies, partaking alike of Druidism and Popery, the patient was dipped, then tied with ropes and shut up in the chapel all night. Thereafter a bell was put upon his head amid much formality and mummary. The bell was a wonderful one, if stolen, it could regain its liberty, and celebrate its triumph, as it marched homeward, by ringing all the way. There was a bell at one time in the church steeple of Broadford which rang mysteriously or miraculously once a week, summoning the sick to come to be cured at the well in the church-yard. The bell disappeared, and, of course, the well lost its health-giving properties.

THE HISTORICAL TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE HIGHLANDS, compiled and edited by Alexander Mackenzie, editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, will be published this month (September) by A. & W. Mackenzie, publishers of this periodical. The book will form a neat volume, printed in clear, bold type, uniform with the "Braham Seer," and neatly bound in cloth case, with gilt title on back, price 3s 6d.

THE MAID OF LOCHEARN.

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At a point a few miles west of St Fillan's, and no great distance from the northern banks of Lochearn, in Perthshire, once stood a small cottage, similar in construction to the great bulk of houses common in the latter end of the seventeenth century in the Highlands of Perthshire. It was at the time we write of, occupied by an industrious and inoffensive man named Donald Macgregor or Campbell. Besides being assiduous in his attention to his splendid herd of cattle, Donald carefully cultivated a small piece of ground contiguous to his house, from which he derived much of his sustenance. His family was thus one of the most independent and happy of its class in the county of Perth; and if the wild and reckless caterans, of which many belonged to his own sept, who then infested that part of the Highlands in a special degree, sometimes disturbed his tranquillity by carrying away unasked one of his choicest oxen, he never murmured or complained, a fact which, no doubt, accounted in a great measure for so few of his animals being "lifted."

To explain why our friend Donald Macgregor or Campbell had the latter surname added to his name, it is necessary to give the following historical facts connected with the Clan Gregor. This clan was esteemed one of the purest of all our Celtic tribes. Griogar, their ancestor, is said to have been the third son of Alpin, the Scottish king, who commenced his reign in 833. That they are a very old clan is proved by the fact that they possessed Glenorchy in the reign of Malcolm Ceanmore; but in the reign of David II., the Campbells, by subtlety, succeeded in acquiring a legal right to these lands, and, although the Gregors fought manfully for a long time for their rights, they were at last expelled from their territory. This act so exasperated the clan, that they committed such cruel acts of rapine and violence, that they became a terror in the country. The result was the enactment of very severe laws—Government frequently issuing letters of fire and sword against them—all of which only caused them to commit still greater crimes. The clan was at length proscribed, but taking refuge in their mountain fastnesses, they set all the efforts of their enemies to exterminate them at defiance, and afflicted them in return, with all the vengeance that lay in their power. On account of false representations made to the king in 1603, it was ordered by an Act of the Privy Council, dated third April of that year, that the Macgregors, on pain of death, should assume other surnames. But though this and all the other hard enactments against them were annulled at the Restoration, they were resumed in the reign of William III., and continued in full force till 1774, when they were finally rescinded by Act of Parliament. The favourite names adopted by the clan when compelled to relinquish their own, were Drummond, Graham, Campbell, and Stewart. Campbell was assumed by the Donald Macgregor of our story.

Donald had a daughter named Jessie, who was universally acknowledged, even by those of her rivals who most aspired to the honour, to be the most handsome and beautiful young woman in Perthshire; and to

all these personal charms she added much natural kindness and gentleness of disposition. Though Jessie Macgregor was probably not insensible to her great personal attractions, she was by no means desirous of gaining unmerited conquests; she neither dressed gaudily nor exposed herself unnecessarily in any public place, where real business did not bring her there. On the contrary, her greatest delight was in tending to her father's herd; and her sweet and melodious voice was often heard sounding through the glen, as she sang with a merry heart, and trode with a light step of an evening on her way to and from the shealing with her flowing milk pails. Jessie was thoroughly domesticated. When not tending her cows, or assisting her father in his labours on his croft, she busied herself in carding, spinning, and knitting alternately.

Donald had annually a goodly number of fat cattle to dispose of, and for these he found a ready market at Crieff, to which place, his daughter, Jessie, regularly accompanied him in the capacity of gillie since she was eight years of age. There was no small personal danger incurred on the route from Lochearn to Crieff and back in those days, more especially if the pedestrian was suspected of having any money in his possession; for the dense wood which then grew, and stretched from Donald's cottage to the narrow defile beyond St Fillan's, was, as I have already said, infested by robbers and cattle-lifters; and the former were as annoying to the wayfarer and the surrounding inhabitants, as ever the Neishes were, who, a century before, inhabited the little island at the east end of Lochearn, called after themselves, Neish Island.

At the neat little village of St Fillan's, named after Fillan, the son of Kentigerna, who was prior of Pittenweem, and the favourite Saint of Robert Bruce, is a well, out of which the Saint was in the habit of drinking very copiously, and which is said to be not only efficacious for the cure of many diseases, but which will also beautify the complexion of those who drink of its water at certain seasons. The Maid of Lochearn, it is alleged, never passed this well, late or early, without kneeling on its brink and drinking of its water; and this, says tradition, may account in some degree for the unrivalled purity of her white skin.

The last occasion the Maid of Lochearn ever accompanied her father to Crieff in the capacity of gillie, was when in her eighteenth year. She was then the very picture of immaculate perfection. Innocent as the new-born babe, and beautiful beyond comparison, she was the centre of all the graces and the master-piece of her sex—her breath as fresh and fragrant as the sweet air of her native valley. Donald Macgregor having, as usual, a lot of excellent cattle—the very best exposed for sale at Crieff that day—he soon found purchasers, who gave him remunerative prices; but as the cattle were not taken off his hands till near sunset, it was just dark when he and his fair daughter started for Lochearn. Being fully alive to the many dangers by which their long and dreary road was beset, Donald, before leaving Crieff, gave the money, for greater security, to his daughter, who rolled it up in her handkerchief, and placed it in her milk-white breast. They then commenced their homeward journey; and to make the dreariness of the rough road as lightsome to his daughter as possible, Donald, as usual, amused her by giving graphic descriptions of the different country-seats, and other places of note which, as they pro-

ceeded, lay along their route, as well as the stories and legends, in which he was well versed, connected with each of the subjects he touched upon. Some places not actually on the route received a share of Donald's attention. Among others—Drummond Castle, and the celebrated Roman Camp at Ardoch, places of great antiquity, and rich in historical associations. Aberuchil Castle was, however, the country-seat on which Donald dwelt longest. It is a high square structure standing on the south side of the river Earn, and was built originally in 1602. The legends which Donald related to his daughter regarding the many sanguinary scenes between the Grigors and the Campbells witnessed in the neighbourhood of this castle, were of the most thrilling description; and while thus engaged they entered the wood at the west end of St Fillan's, the thick copse and brushwood darkening the already hardly discernable path, when they were accosted by three men, the foremost of whom, in a stern defiant voice, requested Donald to deliver up his purse or his life. The latter replied in his usual quiet, easy manner, that he had no money—not even a plack upon his person; and that even if he had they (for he recognised them) ought to be the last to take it from him. "What! where is the money you got to-day at Crieff?" demanded the robber, as he knocked the poor man down to the ground with a blow of his club. No sooner did the unfortunate man fall than the three ruffians jumped upon him; seeing which, and supposing that her father was already dead, the unhappy girl, knowing that she would be next attacked, rushed in through the wood, and ran, for a long time, not knowing whither. At last, almost exhausted, she noticed the glimmering of a light, towards which she made as fast as she was able. She found on getting near it, that it proceeded from a rude dwelling house, the door of which she immediately opened, and, without either warning or ceremony, went in. The sole occupant of the cabin she found to be an old woman, to whom she, in her innocence and despair, told the events of the early evening already described, and added,

"But it is I who has the money, for my father gave it to me before we left Crieff, and I have it carefully put away in my breast."

"O, poor creature," said the old crone, "I am so glad that you escaped with your life from those cruel thieves. They are all of the clan Gregor; and sure I am that, when they did not find the money on your father, they would, had you not escaped from them, have fallen upon you, and after taking the money from you, abuse you, and afterwards kill you."

"Surely no one could be so wicked as to act so," observed Jessie Macgregor bluntly, "it is fortunate for me that I got away from them, and found my way here."

"And here," said the deceitful crone "you are not only welcome, but perfectly safe—you will remain all night, and go home in the morning."

It is scarcely necessary to say that, though neither of them knew anything of the other, the apparently kind offer to remain in the old woman's house all night was readily accepted by the unfortunate Jessie who after receiving supper, retired to bed. But tired though she was, she was too excited and frightened to fall asleep. The thoughts of the sudden death of her father banished sleep from her eyes.

Her bed, of the rudest description, was in a small closet opposite

the main door of the house, and the partition which divided it from the apartment in which the old woman sat, and which appeared to be the kitchen, was of such a rickety description, that she could not only hear the movements of the old lady, but get glimpses of her as well. She was but a few minutes in bed when she heard the footsteps of people entering the house, and going straight to the kitchen. They were men; and through the holes in the partition she could see that there were three of them. By his voice she identified one of them as the ruffian who had killed her father. The young girl's feelings at that moment cannot be described. She saw no means of escape, for the door of her closet opened into the kitchen, where the cruel murderers were. She saw that she had only escaped the murderer's net to fall into his snare. And if she could have any doubts on this point, they were dissipated as soon as they began to speak, for the first words they uttered were, "What a pity I did not catch yon confounded girl, for I am sure it was her that had the money of the cattle which her father sold at Crieff to-day. Were I but near enough to her my trusty blade would soon stop her."

"Restrain thy wail, my son," answered the old crone, "the girl is sleeping in the closet there behind thee; and the money, as she told me, is carefully put away in her breast. And now that both are in your hands you need not interfere with either till you have taken your supper, when you can dispose of her and it as seemeth to you best."

Notwithstanding that they were hungry and the supper ready, and the assurance given by the old woman, that the girl they sought was quite safe in their clutches, the leader of the gang, who, as also another of them, was the old woman's son, would not sit at the table until he first looked in to see the girl, and tested whether she was asleep or not. To satisfy himself on the latter point he placed a burning torch close to her eyes, so close, that her eye-brows were singed by the flame. Finding that she was sound asleep, as he supposed, he returned to the kitchen, and immediately commenced his supper with the others of the gang.

While they were thus occupied, and for a considerable time subsequently, the most painful thoughts were passing through poor Jessie Macgregor's mind—there seemed to be but one step between her and death—a death it might be, of the most cruel nature. She, almost distracted, looked around her in every direction, hoping to find some outlet by which she could escape, but alas! there was none. To attempt to fly by the door would be, to say the least, sheer madness. It was simply running bare-breasted upon the ruffians' daggers. Earnestly and solemnly did she pray for strength, guidance, and protection from above at that critical moment; and scarcely had she asked for heaven's aid, when she heard the robbers disputing among themselves about their respective shares of the spoil obtained that night. The quarrel at length assumed such proportions, that the two brothers fell upon their partner in crime, a neighbour's son, and murdered him there and then, cutting his throat from ear to ear, their mother holding a basin under the wretch's neck to receive the blood. This was only the work of a few moments; and as soon as the wretch was dead, the old woman and her two sons carried the dead body to the rear of the house, where there was a sort of rude garden, for the purpose of burying it, and as they were passing out at the door

the leader said, "To avoid any chance of discovery we shall despatch that girl as soon as we come in."

"I trust in God that you will not find her," thought poor Jessie to herself, as she quietly left her bed and crept out behind them, and ran for very life, with no other covering than her shift; and as she was for a long time running through thick copse, bushes, and rugged ground, her body and extremities were dreadfully lacerated. In her chase she passed through Glensig, and was proceeding towards Kiplandie, when the first dawn of morn appeared. Looking then for the first time behind her, she noticed with dismay that both murderers were on her track, and pursuing her at full speed. Uttering a terrible scream of despair, she resumed the unequal chase with all the energy left her, which seemed now superhuman. But her case appeared hopeless. She saw that they were fast gaining ground upon her, and expected that in a few moments more she would be a mutilated corpse. They were now within a few paces of her, when suddenly a party of rough burly Highlanders started up from amongst the heather in front of her, and seeing them, the unfortunate girl, in a state of dismal despair, attempted to turn aside, but they instantly seized her, almost ere she had well seen them. She was so utterly exhausted when caught, that she made no effort to escape. She merely groaned in anguish, fainted, and fell helplessly into the sinewy arms of the man who had laid hold of her. But she was now safe though she knew it not.

The Highlanders who this opportunely came to the assistance of the helpless girl were the young Laird of Glenalmond and his six gillies, who were the whole of the preceding day chasing the deer, after which, instead of going home, they bivouacked all night on the hill-side; and being early astir they observed the scant-clothed maiden and her pursuers as soon as they entered the valley, and ran at once to her aid. Her brutal and murderous followers, seeing Glenalmond and his men, whom they at once recognised, were for a moment taken aback, but then, wheeling swiftly round, made off at full speed. Glenalmond identified them, and rightly guessing that they pursued the girl for no good purpose, ordered his gillies to fire upon them, an order which was instantly obeyed, and the next moment their foul bodies lay bleeding on the heath.

It was doubtful for a little whether the youthful maiden was dead or alive, for, although one or two of the gillies' plaids were quickly rolled around her, and a little unadulterated whisky and water put into her mouth and applied to her temples, she showed no signs of life.

"What a pity! She is so angel-like," said Glenalmond, as he gazed in sad admiration on the maiden's placid cheeks, "an emblem of real perfection, for beauty and innocence seem to be combined in her. I am afraid her gentle spirit has already fled."

"She's no dead yet, sir," observed James Stewart, Glenalmond's head keeper, who held the girl in his arms as skilfully and tenderly as if he had been the most experienced sick-nurse in the country, "for I feel her pulse beginning to move."

"God be thanked," muttered Glenalmond, "for she is the prettiest creature I ever saw. It was a lucky thing that we remained here last night, James, for otherwise, that charming angel would have been brutally murdered by those blood-thirsty vagabonds."

Almost immediately the fair Jessie gave one or two violent convulsions, and presently opened her lovely black eyes, and finding herself surrounded by so many unknown faces, she screamed faintly, but Glenalmond soothingly addressed her, saying—

"Don't be afraid my darling girl. We will do you no harm; and you have only to tell us where you belong to and where you wish to go to, and we shall conduct you thither in safety."

"My dear father—the murderers—where are they?" she faltered in broken accents.

"The murderers will do you no further injury," replied Glenalmond, "and if you will tell us, my dear girl, where your father is, we shall take you to him at once; but talk no more just now. When you are able to tell it, I will listen patiently to your story."

By their kind treatment, the application of some cordials by which she was very much strengthened, and the tender and affectionate manner in which Glenalmond addressed her, she became gradually assured that she had fallen into safe company. This feeling infused so much courage into her exhausted frame, that, in a short time, she was able to give a full account of all her misfortunes from first to last. With this information Glenalmond and his gillies proceeded, led by the fair Jessie, to the robbers' hut, where they found her money still rolled up in her handkerchief, which she threw on her bed when she left, hoping that on finding it they would not follow her. But in the murderers' anxiety to capture her, it never occurred to them that she would leave the money, and their mother never thought of looking into the closet after her sons told her that the girl escaped. She busied herself in the interval in cleaning the clots of blood which marked the kitchen floor and the passage. On searching the garden the gillies found, besides the body of the murdered robber, a number of others in different stages of decomposition. The old woman was at once seized, and kept in the custody of two powerful gillies, while the house was carefully searched for money and other valuables. The house was then set on fire and burnt to the ground. This done, which was only the work of a few minutes, a search was made for the body of Jessie's father, but it could nowhere be found. Glenalmond then despatched to Crieff four of his gillies with the old woman, under the charge of James Stewart, with instructions to have her hanged forthwith on the far-famed "Kind gallows," celebrated by Sir Walter Scott in "Waverley," and to which, on passing, the Highlanders used to touch their bonnets, with the ejaculation, "God bless her nain sell, and the Teil damn you." "You can yourselves," said Glenalmond, "give the necessary evidence." "And that we will," said Stewart, as they started with their charge.

Glenalmond had now become quite smitten with the charms of Jessie, and, accompanied by the remaining gillies, they proceeded together to her residence on the banks of Lochearn. Reaching their destination they were agreeably surprised to find her father in the house before them, with no other injury or ailment than the melancholy and depressed spirits produced by the loss of his lovely daughter, but this itself was almost more than he could bear. Their joy on unexpectedly finding each other safe, was beyond description; and when the emotions produced by this happy meeting had somewhat subsided, Donald attempted an

apology to Glenalmond for the little notice he had taken of him since he came under the roof of his humble dwelling; but the Chieftain checked, and assured him that no apology was required; that he did not come there to receive honours, though he would not deny that he wished to obtain some little favour before he departed. He then told Macgregor how his daughter escaped from the clutches of the robbers, as related by herself; how he, so fortunately, met her in the hill, and was thus the happy means of saving her life; how the murderers were shot by his men, and all the subsequent transactions above described.

"And," continued Glenalmond, "although I have done nothing more than what common humanity demanded, yet I hope to receive some small acknowledgment at your hands; and the greatest favour you, sir, can confer upon me is the hand of your fair and lovely daughter in marriage."

Macgregor was quite taken aback, and in a disconnected and confused manner muttered that he had never thought over such an interesting event, and that his daughter was not in any respect a fit match for Glenalmond. The latter answered that he had never before made a proposal of this kind, and hoped he would not now be rejected.

"I do not offer the slightest objection. If the girl herself is willing, Glenalmond will have her with all my heart," replied the father.

The maiden herself was then appealed to by her high-born deliverer in the most enticing and endearing terms, to whom she blushing and smilingly answered, "I cannot, and will not, refuse to spend my life in the sweet society of him who so providentially saved it," when Glenalmond, in the most tender and affectionate manner, embraced his fair affianced; and, placing a beautiful gold ring, which he pulled out of his purse, on one of her fingers, made arrangements for her going to Edinburgh on an early day to be educated as became her future position. In due time she returned to the banks of Lochearn an educated and accomplished lady, and the Maid of Lochearn became the Lady of Glenalmond to the delight and future happiness of himself and his whole clan. They lived long and happy together, had a large, prosperous, and lovely family of sons and daughters. Many of their descendants are still in Perthshire, and several of them occupy important positions in the United Kingdom and various other parts of the world.

MACIAIN.

TO THE CLAN MACKENZIE.—Being most anxious to make the History of the Clan as complete as possible, we shall esteem it a favour if parties interested in the various branches will kindly aid us by supplying us with any information in their possession about their respective families. We are now writing the History and Genealogies of each of the principal families in the order in which they branched off from the main stem; and as it is impossible in every case to know all the descendants of these families, it is necessary to have the aid of the parties themselves to secure to them their proper position in the History of the Clan. This aid we now respectfully solicit. *As it is intended to go to press on an early date, and as the work is to be strictly limited to the number subscribed for, parties desiring to secure copies should send in their names without delay.* For full particulars and opinions of the press see our advertising sheet.

ERECTION OF THE MONUMENT TO JOHN MACKENZIE OF THE
"BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY."

—o—

PROFESSOR BLACKIE, in his "Language and Literature of the Highlands," informed us that he took the biographical notices of the Gaelic bards with which he supplied us in that work "principally from Mackenzie," though all the Professor knew of the man himself he gave in a footnote, quoted from a contemporary, occupying barely half-a-page of the book; but in that short note he incorrectly stated that "a monumental stone is erected to his memory." In a review of the book—this splendid tribute to the literature of the Scottish Celt—we at the time pointed out the mistake, among others, in the following words:—"Another and more important error, because it is calculated to perpetuate a state of matters which is not creditable to the Celtic character, is that to this day John Mackenzie, of the 'Beauties of Gaelic Poetry,' lies buried in the Church-yard of Gairloch, with nothing whatever to mark his resting place. . . . We hope soon to see a new edition called for when the author will have an opportunity of correcting these mistakes; and we trust that by that time our Celtic spirit will be roused sufficiently to place the Professor in a position to say truly, 'that a monumental stone has been raised to one to whom we are all so much indebted.'" In the succeeding number (xviii.) we followed up with a memoir of Mackenzie, with which the reader is already acquainted, and proposed that steps should be immediately taken to remove the long-standing cause of reproach to Highlanders, of leaving such a man without anything to mark his grave. To give the matter a practical shape, we opened a subscription list, headed by Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Baronet, of Gairloch, followed by Cluny, Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; John Mackay, Esq., Swansea; Donald Macgregor, Esq., London; Osgood H. Mackenzie Esq. of Inverewe; John Mackenzie, Esq. of Auchenstewart; H. Munro Mackenzie, Esq., Whitehaven; John Munro Mackenzie, Esq. of Morinish; D. Mackinlay, Esq., Portobello; James Fraser, Esq., Glasgow; Allan Ranald Macdonald Jeffrey, Esq., London; Mrs K. Robertson Walker of Kilgarran; John H. Dixon, Esq., Inveran, Poolewe; Alexander Burgess, Esq., banker, Gairloch; William Mackay, Esq., solicitor, Inverness; Alexander Mackenzie of the *Celtic Magazine*; and various others whose names have already been given, and the respective amounts acknowledged in previous numbers of this periodical.

A considerable sum was soon subscribed, most of it among Mackenzie's own countrymen; and on Friday, the 26th of July last, a handsome Aberdeen granite column, 13 feet 6 inches high, was erected by Messrs Robertson & Law, sculptors, Inverness, to whom the work is highly creditable, on a projecting rock outside the church-yard and overlooking Mackenzie's grave. There is first a solid base about 3 feet 4 inches square and a foot deep, resting on solid mason work, built on the solid rock. A second and a third square block rest upon this. Then comes a block of 2 feet 7 inches deep, bearing the following Gaelic inscription on the side next the road:—"Thoghadh an Carn-Cuimhne so do Ian MacCoinnich (de theaghlach Alastair Chaim Ghearrloch), a thionail, agus a shuir an ordugh 'Sar Obair nam Bard Gaidhealach,' agus a sgriobh, a thionail, a dheasaich, no dh' eadartheangaich 30 leabhair eile, am measg iomadh cruaidheas. Rugadh e anns na Mealan, 1806. Chaocail e an Inbhir-iugh, 1848. 1878." The English on the opposite side, is as follows:—"In memory of John Mackenzie (of the family of Alastair Cam of Gairloch), who compiled and edited 'The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry,' and also compiled, wrote, translated, or edited, under surpassing difficulties, about 30 other works. Born at Mellan Charles, 1806. Died at Inverewe, 1848. In grateful recognition of his valuable services to Celtic literature, this monument is erected by a number of his fellow-countrymen. 1878."

Sir Kenneth Mackenzie took a lively personal interest in the matter from the beginning, and was on the ground most of the two days during which the monument was being erected. At four o'clock on Friday he arrived at the spot, accompanied by Lady Mackenzie, Master Kenneth Mackenzie, Miss Mackenzie, and Osgood H. Mackenzie, Esq. of Inverewe. Among the others present were—Mrs Burgess, Caledonian Bank; Miss Baillie, Free Manse; Mrs Chisholm, Flowerdale; Miss Christina Beaton, Mrs Macrae, late Badachro; Mrs Maclean, Poolewe; Miss Robertson, Inverness; Mrs Ewan Mackenzie, Glasgow; Mrs Attenborough, Nottingham; Miss Macintyre, Strath; Mr Alex. Burgess, banker; Mr Donald Mackenzie, estate manager; Mr Simon Chisholm, Flowerdale; Mr Alexander Mackenzie of the *Celtic Magazine*; Mr John Murdoch of the *Highlander*; Dr Robertson; Mr Macdonald, Flowerdale Mains; Mr James Mackenzie (the brother of the late editor of the "Beauties"); Mr John Maclean, manager, Shieldaig; Mr Hector Fraser, boat-builder; Mr Lamont, teacher; Mr James Mackenzie, Cliff House, Poolewe; Mr Kenneth Maclean, merchant, Poolewe; Mr John Mackenzie, Boor; Mr Peter Urquhart, cleithier, Poolewe; Mr Cameron, Poolewe Hotel; Mr H. A. Attenborough, Nottingham; &c., &c. After the monument was unveiled,

Sir Kenneth, who was received with enthusiastic cheers, taking his stand on the sward at the foot of the monument, congratulated the subscribers to the work, and Gairloch men at home and abroad on the work which they had the satisfaction of seeing that day completed. Pointing to the monument he said :—Thirty years ago he whose name is there inscribed, with health broken by too arduous labour, returned too late to his native parish in search of rest, but the rest he sought he found only in resigning his soul to God, and having his ashes laid in the churchyard beside that monument. It might perhaps be asked why all these years have been allowed to elapse without this tribute having been paid to his memory. The idea of erecting such a monument has, no doubt, frequently presented itself to John Mackenzie's admirers, but no one was found till now with sufficient energy to unite them in any common scheme. The merit of doing this is due to Mr Alexander Mackenzie, of the *Celtic Magazine*—(cheers)—who originated the movement of setting up the handsome obelisk—(cheers)—and who has now brought it to a successful conclusion, and in behalf of the subscribers I now beg to offer him their thanks for the part he has taken. (Loud cheers.) In the presence of all Mackenzie's relatives (and I am glad to see his brother James surviving him and among us to-day) and of many friends who were personally intimate with him, as well as others whose Gaelic scholarship enables them to appreciate his work more fully than I can do, I feel that I cannot appropriately constitute myself his panegyrist. Yet some words regarding him may be permitted to me. Though his parents were of highly respectable lineage, they were in reduced circumstances at the time of his birth, and could give him none of those advantages with which the wealthy start their children in the race of life. He received but a very elementary education, which he perfected late in life by his own efforts. He was not physically robust, and he died prematurely at the age of 42 years. Long before this his work had been the delight of thousands of his Gaelic-speaking countrymen, and he had made for himself a name wherever his mother-tongue was spoken. (Applause.) Though no poet himself, he had a true and intense poetic feeling. He delighted when a mere child in the compositions of the Highland bards, which he heard recited during the winter evenings at the paternal hearth and around his neighbours' firesides, and as he grew up he conceived the idea of collecting the scattered remains of Gaelic poetry throughout the Highlands, and preserving it for future generations. (Cheers.) Without money, without aid worth speaking of, meeting with ridicule and sometimes with opposition, encountering difficulties of every kind in travelling through the Highlands, with a firm steadfastness of purpose that calls for the highest admiration—(cheers)—he at length succeeded not only in collecting but in finding a publisher for the "*Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*," and his *Biographies of the Gaelic Bards* with which his name is inseparably connected. (Cheers.) Having thus introduced himself into the field of Celtic literature, he found afterwards permanent employment in it, and as author, editor, or translator, he took part, as this monument records, in the publication of about thirty other works. (Applause.) His remuneration was, however, so miserable that he may be said to have died little removed from poverty, but he had his reward in the pleasures always to be reaped from the cultivation of a literary taste, and in the feeling that much of his work would tend to lighten the lives and alleviate the troubles of those he most cared for, the people of his own race, the children of the Gaelic-speaking Celt. (Cheers.) Sir Kenneth then expressed a hope that more of those born in Mackenzie's position would educate themselves as he did, and so be able to enjoy the elevating and refining pleasure of literature in one or other of its departments. The site was selected for the monument where it could be more likely to attract attention than if placed in the secluded spot where his ashes rested. That spot, hallowed by tradition, would no doubt be remembered, but it was thought less of honouring the poor clay than of keeping the man, his life, and his works, before us. These teach that with high aims pursued with steadfastness of purpose, a man working for the benefit of others will inevitably raise himself, and as the monument met the gaze of the passer by, and recalled the memory of John Mackenzie, it was to be hoped that the lesson of his life would not be altogether lost. (Loud cheers.)

Sir Kenneth then called upon Mr Murdoch, who expressed the very great satisfaction which he had in being privileged to take part in such a ceremonial. His first visit to Gairloch was under the attraction of John Mackenzie's memory. Sir Kenneth had left little to be said, but he (Mr M.) could not help saying, that besides being a fitting and a beautiful memorial of John Mackenzie, and a testimony to the taste of the people of Gairloch and their friends, it was, he hoped, destined to teach and encourage Highlanders in Gairloch and elsewhere, to set a higher value than they had hitherto done on the treasures which they possessed in their own race and land. One of the greatest hindrances to the advancement of this country was the false modesty which made the people think so little of their natural resources that they had not the nerve or the enterprise to turn them to the best account. They had, in the salubrity of the climate, in the beauty of the scenery, in the power of their running streams, in the genius of their people, a very great deal to be thankful for, to be proud of, and to brace them for

the work of filling their future history with deeds to make that history a glory to themselves and to the nation to which they belonged. He need hardly say that they were privileged in and proud of the noble chief who was at their head, and who was, as on that occasion, always ready to bear a hand in any work which was honourable and useful for them to be engaged in. (Cheers.) And there was their chief's lady, at all times, as on that day, by his side, and entering with hearty sympathy into all his generous intentions and good works. No one had a better right than he had to say that; she was not only thus generous and noble in her doings, but she was, he could assure them, of a noble stock. "Three cheers, then, for Lady Mackenzie!" (Loud cheers.) *Agus aon uair cile.* (More cheering.) Mr M. said further, there was no formal programme, but he thought the next duty which devolved upon him—and a pleasure it was as well—was to move a hearty vote of thanks to Mr Alex. Mackenzie, of the *Celtic Magazine*, for originating this movement, and bringing it to so satisfactory a termination. (Loud cheers.)

Mr Mackenzie replied and said that he was naturally pleased to see the monument now successfully erected in his native parish, and in such a prominent position. It was really pleasant to see how the Gairloch people turned out and gave their services for nothing for the last two days to put up the monument—(Cheers)—and they were specially indebted to Mr Mackenzie, manager; Mr Macdonald, Flowerdale Mains; Mr Burgess, banker; Mr Chisholm, and others, for supplying them with horses and other valuable aid, without which it would have been impossible to complete the work in the time at their disposal. (Cheers.) Professor Blackie in his famous work, "The Language and Literature of the Highlands," quoted largely from Mackenzie's Biographies of the Gaelic Bards, and acknowledged his indebtedness to him. This alone would have made John Mackenzie famous hereafter. (Cheers.) The Professor had made a mistake in saying that a monument already marked his resting place. This roused him (Mr Mackenzie) to originate the movement which had now culminated in that handsome monument. (Cheers.) At the very outset he consulted Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, who at once agreed with the proposal to erect the monument, and ever since extended his hearty co-operation, without which the work would not have been nearly so pleasant nor so successful as it had now proved. (Cheers.) Further—and he would say it at the risk of offending him, for he knew how much he objected to any ostentation regarding any of his good works—he requested him to enter his name in the list of subscribers for any amount he (Mr Mackenzie) thought proper. (Applause.) It was also pleasant to find that more than two-thirds of the whole subscriptions was given by Gairloch people or their descendants. (Cheers.) Mr Murdoch told them that Lady Mackenzie came of a good stock. He (Mr Mackenzie) would add that her family had claims upon such a meeting as this unsurpassed by any other, for her brother, J. F. Campbell of Islay, had done for Celtic Literature what would keep the memory of his name and that of his family green among Highlanders as long as any of the race remained. (Applause.) They were all proud to see Sir Kenneth and his lady and family supporting and patronising them that day—(cheers)—and he now called upon all present to give Sir Kenneth a hearty vote of thanks—(applause)—and three hearty cheers. (Cheers.)

This motion having been responded to in the most enthusiastic manner, there was a call for another cheer for the heir, *Coinneach Og*, and another cheer for his sister, who stood beside him, all of which were given until the hills resounded with the echo.

Mr Attenborough congratulated those present on the evidence before them of how the Highlanders have now begun to respect themselves and those among them whose labours deserved to be commemorated; after which, Mr Murdoch spoke in Gaelic, pointing out that Highlanders must not expect respect from others until they showed more for themselves, their dress, country, and language, than they had done in the past. Osgood H. Mackenzie, Esq. of Inverewe, then stepped forward, and in pure and idiomatic Gaelic stated the pleasure he had in seeing the work so successfully completed, and expressed a hope that Highlanders would show more regard in future for what pertained to their own clans and country than they had hitherto done, and that they would always be found ready to put their hand to every work calculated to benefit themselves and their native country. He then thanked Mr Murdoch for his Gaelic address, and offered him a hearty welcome on his first visit amongst them. (Cheers.) The proceedings, which were most successful, then closed.

A few pounds are still wanting to pay for the inscriptions, and it is thought absolutely necessary that an iron railing should be erected round the monument to protect it from sheep and cattle; and also to erect a small tablet on the wall of the old chapel at the head of the grave. We trust sufficient funds will be forthcoming, and, we have no doubt, some of our patriotic and wealthy Celts will be happy to have the honour of contributing.

The following sums have been received since our last list went to press:—

Messrs MacLachlan & Stewart, booksellers, Edinburgh	...	£0 10 6
The Rev. Dr Masson, Gaelic Church, Edinburgh	...	0 5 0
		£ 2

Mr Mackenzie, advocate, Edinburgh	0	5	0
Mr Clark, Glasgow	0	5	0
Mr Artt MacLachlan, Glasgow	1	2	0
Mr Donald Maclean, merchant, Badachro, Gairloch	0	5	0
Mr Kenneth MacLennan, Tolly Croft, Poolewe	0	5	0

Since the monument was erected :—

Mr John Mackenzie, Auchenstewart (in addition to £2 2s already acknowledged)	£3	0	0
Mr John Mackay, Swansea (in addition to £2 2s already acknowledged)	1	1	0
A Friend	1	0	0
Per Mr Thomas Fraser, Newcastle-on-Tyne, collected by Chieftain William Matheson, from members of the Hebburn Celtic Society, Hebburn	3	4	0

Though the following notes were not intended for publication, we take the liberty to place them, charged as they are with such an excellent spirit, before the reader.—

"Prince of Wales Hotel, Scarborough", 3rd Aug. 1878.

"Dear Sir,—I am very much obliged to you for having sent me the *Inverness Advertiser* of 30th July, containing an interesting account of the putting up of the John Mackenzie monument at Gairloch. All John's relations must be much indebted to you for the trouble and expense you have been at from first to last in the whole affair, and they should also be obliged to the Baronet of Gairloch for the interest he took in the work. Knowing that you will be out of pocket now, and that you propose doing more before you consider the work finished, you have a cheque herewith for three pounds, and sixpence for charges, and if a trifle more is needed, please let me know when the work will be completed and it will be forthcoming. With thanks.—Very truly yours,

JOHN MACKENZIE (of Auchenstewart).

"Mr Alex. Mackenzie, Inverness."

"Regart House, Walter's Road, Swansea, 3rd Aug. 1878.

"My Dear Sir,—Thank you for the *Inverness Advertiser*, giving an account of the interesting ceremony connected with the erection of the "John Mackenzie" monument.

"You may recollect that I promised you a further contribution to this deserved memorial should the necessity arise. I note by the account given in the *Advertiser* that this contingency has arisen. Please, therefore, put my name in your book for a guinea towards making up the deficiency, hoping that all admirers of the man and his work may speedily come forward with their contributions to enable the memorial and its necessary surroundings to be completed without any delay.—Yours very faithfully,

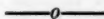
JOHN MACKAY.

"Alex. Mackenzie, Esq."

DEATH OF THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.—It is with the most genuine regret we record the death of the Rev. George Giffillan of Dundee, which took place suddenly, from disease of the heart, on the 13th of August. His name has been a household word in Scotland for the last thirty years; and the influence of his manly utterances, and honest life and work, has long been felt far beyond the bounds of his native land. His was a career all the more bright and conspicuous from the surrounding gloom of clerical cant and hypocrisy that still exists—and his genuine honesty of purpose and sincerity of heart illuminated the surrounding darkness. The good results of such a life as his will be felt and appreciated more and more as the years roll on. With all his other excellent qualities, he was a warm friend of our Celtic countrymen, and at all times he was ready with his pen, and on the platform, to lend his powerful aid for the amelioration of the down-trodden Highlanders. From the very outset, he gave his generous and valuable aid to make the *Celtic Magazine* a success, and we never had occasion to ask him for a contribution in vain, however much he might be otherwise engaged. Several of these adorn the past numbers of this periodical. Dundee honoured itself by giving the mortal remains of their greatest man a public funeral—the most imposing that was ever accorded to any of its citizens.

THE LAND OF SANTA MAREE.

By J. E. MUDDOCK, Author of "A Wingless Angel," "As the Shadows Fall," "The Mystery of Jasper Janin," "Lovat, or Out in the '45," &c., &c.



If I were to commence this article by a statement that last year her Majesty the Queen spent a week at the Loch-Maree Hotel, my readers might be inclined to imagine that I had only just awoke from a Rip Van Winklish sleep, and that I was at least twelve months behind my time. If, on the other hand, I were to ask three persons out of every five I met, "Where is Loch-Maree?" I might be pestered with a dubious stare and a stammered reply, "Loch-Maree is—oh, well, let me see, why, in Scotland of course." It will be understood that this imputation, if such it can be called, applies only to those who dwell to the south of the Grampians, for I cannot think it possible that any man whose home is north of the Perthshire range can be ignorant of the enchanted region which I have been pleased to term "the Land of Santa Maree." If there be such a man in existence let him hide his shameless head and be heard no more.

Being a Sassenach and a brain worker and in search of health and repose, it was but natural that my quest should lead my footsteps to a land which gave birth to a Burns and a Scott, and whose every hill and every glen is hallowed by poetry and song. I had heard that in the far western corner of Ross-shire was a glorious, and island studded loch some eighteen miles in length, and guarded on all sides by a mighty barrier of shaggy mountains. Being a worshipper at the shrine of nature, and having a passionate love for mountains, I determined to make a pilgrimage to Loch-Maree. My pilgrimage, however, was not one in which the flesh was mortified and the spirit galled, for in the luxury of one of the saloon carriages of the Highland Railway Company, I was enabled to contemplate at mine ease the marvellous beauties through which this railway passes. Grand though the Highland Railway route be, it cannot, I think, be compared to the Dingwall and Skye line, which is not only a marvel of engineering skill, but runs through a country that, for wildness and grandeur, cannot be equalled in the whole of the United Kingdom. It is not my intention here to describe this line, much as I am tempted to do so, but I will content myself with saying that no man or woman should boast of having "done" the Rhine, or Switzerland, the South of France, or Italy, until he or she has travelled from Inverness to Strone Ferry, and if he or she does not then say that the scenery through which the line passes is equal to anything the much vaunted Continent can offer, that man and that woman will be deserving of sympathy inasmuch as they will prove that they are lacking in that appreciation of the æsthetic, which is one of the chief characteristics of intelligence.

Achnasheen is a quiet little station on the Dingwall and Skye route, and here, those who are journeying to the Land of Santa Maree break the journey. They will find a well-appointed coach waiting to take them on

for a distance of twenty miles westward. On leaving Achnasheen the road skirts the margin of the lonely Loch-Rosque for five miles, and then, after a slight ascent, enters the narrow and gloomy Pass of Docherty. Here one begins to realise that he has left the modern world of passionate life behind, and is entering an old old world where nature, defying the hand of man to tame her, reigns in solemn and lonely grandeur. Presently there comes in sight a large, winding belt of water, lying at the foot of giant mountains, and the driver informs his passengers that it is the far-famed Loch-Maree. On flies the coach. Now the willing but hard worked horses are kept well in hand as the machine winds its way down a long and steep descent, and the iron break is grating against the wheels as the ponderous vehicle rushes along at a rapid pace. When twelve miles have been accomplished the cattle are changed at Kenlochewe, a picturesque and scattered village. And when the fresh steeds have been harnessed in the journey is resumed, and in a very short time the loch is in full sight. More savage and more wild grows the scene. The serrated and broken outlines of the Torridon Hills, which are seen at a distance, stand boldly out against the blue sky on the left, while a little further away are the three singular and extraordinary peaks of Ben Eay and its satellites, or the white mountains, so called on account of their dazzling whiteness, which is due to quartz and sand. The effect of this contrasted as it is by the heath-clad and purple mountains, which cluster around and stretch on and on until they are lost in the far blue distance, is wonderful in the extreme. On the opposite or north side of the loch is the monarch of all the giants around. This is the mighty mass of Ben Slioch which towers away up into the clouds for four thousand feet. The moment I gazed upon old Ben, who is verily a king amongst kings, I was fascinated even as a bird is fascinated by the serpent, and I became his slave. From that moment Ben sat upon me, and his influence will never depart from me so long as I may live. Ben Slioch is a marvellous mountain, scientifically and literally. Like a true monarch he sits alone, upon a great throne of metamorphic rock. It is, in fact, a mountain upon a mountain, the upper portion being sand-stone superimposed upon a bed of granite and gneiss. The outlines of Ben are splintered into a hundred fantastic shapes, and the storms of countless thousands of years have lashed his sides into rents and fissures. On his western face are frightful precipices, and gaze upon him from any point of view he seems so precipitous that an ascent appears to be almost out of the question. But I am told that the summit is often reached by those who have good limbs, strong lungs, and iron nerves.

When another ten miles have been accomplished the panting horses are drawn up at the door of the Loch-Maree Hotel, and as this is my destination I alight.

This hotel stands upon some rising ground that gradually slopes down to the water, which is not more than twenty yards away. The impression that one has left his own world behind and entered another is now intensified as one gazes around on the region of solitude that is dominated by Ben Slioch. For the time being, however, this impression is removed, as with appetite keenly whetted by the bracing mountain air and the long drive, one sits down at the well appointed table in the splendid coffee-

room of the hotel, the same room in which her Majesty was wont to take her meals last year. Here the traveller discovers that if he has left civilisation behind, the good things of life are around him, and fastidious indeed must be the taste that cannot gratify itself at the Loch-Maree Hotel, whether it be in the way of eatables or drinkables.

The view commanded by the many windowed coffee-room is one that, for extent and variety, is unrivalled. In the centre of the Loch the richly-wooded islands lie embosomed like emerald jewels set in silver sheen, and on the opposite side of the loch is a scarred and riven wall of rock that stretches away for miles, and above that again, rising tier upon tier, are the rugged peaks of mountains, and to the right and dominating them all is grand old Ben Slioch.

On the morning of the day following my arrival, I started in one of the hotel boats to explore the islands, and naturally enough I first landed on the Isle Maree. And speaking of this I would call attention to a ludicrous error in Black's & Lyall's Tourist Guides, which describe Isle Maree as the *largest* island on the Loch, whereas it is almost the smallest. It is here that the old burying-ground is, and in ages ago a monastery stood there, although scarcely any trace of it now remains. In using the word "burying-ground" one's ideas must not associate the Isle Maree with a modern cemetery. This little island is thickly covered with trees that subdue the light, and wrap the place in a perpetual and pleasant gloom; while in rank luxuriance ferns, heather, and bracken grow breast high. A track, worn by the feet of visitors, leads to the centre of the island, and it is here the dead take their dreamless sleep. The stones that mark the graves are rough and unhewn, none of them have any inscription, and all trace as to who the sleepers are is lost. These stones are scattered about in a very irregular manner; some are little better than pieces of rock stuck endways into the ground, while others are long slabs, and all are green and moss covered, and overgrown with rank grass and ferns. Two graves, however, attract the visitors attention. The stones are flat and join each other endways. Upon one is carved a runic cross, and on the other a crucifix. These are said to be the graves of a young Danish prince and princess whose deaths were romantic and tragical. On some future occasion I may relate the thrilling story of their lives, but want of space will not allow me to do it here. Before leaving Isle Maree, which by the way is said to take its name from the Virgin Mary, although it is more probably a corruption of a Gaelic word, I will mention the money tree and the well. The tree is an oak, and driven into its sides are numerous coins, the majority of them being pennies, although I believe that gold and silver have frequently been put in. This money is looked upon as sacred, and the natives would consider it the direst sacrilege to take it away. Tradition runs, however, that once upon a time a hardened Sassenach did take some of the coins out of the tree, but summary punishment followed, for his hand soon after withered, and his descendants for generations were born with withered hands. To my mind this money tree is a relic of old Paganism, and the coins are put in as a propitiatory offering to the tutelary saint. The tree contains two coins side by side which were driven in with a stone by the fair hands of the Queen and the Prince's Beatrice. The well, which is now dried up, is at the foot of

the tree, and its waters were said to possess miraculous properties for curing persons suffering from insanity. The patient was taken to the well and drank of the water. A hair rope was then passed under his arm-pits, and he was dragged at the stern of the boat twice round the island. This was, no doubt, a very effectual remedy, for if the patient did not recover it is pretty certain that he was cured off the face of the earth. It was to the Isle Maree that the Queen, during her visit to the loch, was rowed on the Sunday morning, an act that called down the *brutum fulmen* of that nest of meddlesome busy bodies, the "Sabbath Alliance." These gentlemen were not aware perhaps that her Majesty went to the island for the express purpose of having the church service read in the open air.

Leaving Isle Maree I visited the other islands where the roe-deer have their home, and the grouse need never go in fear of the sportsman's gun, for nobody shoots there save a day or two once a year, when Sir Kenneth Mackenzie hunts the deer. These islands are by no means the least of the wonders of this land of wonder. And nothing could be more enjoyable than to float amongst the creeks, and miniature bays, and tiny sounds, or to land and wander amongst the ferns and the heather, or lie and dream beneath the unbrageous shelter of the whispering pines. To dwell, however, upon each particular spot of beauty would occupy far more space than the editor can afford me, and, therefore, speaking in a general way, I may say that it has been my fortune to travel the wide world over. I have trodden the scorching plains of India, and been frozen on the rugged shores of North America; I have sailed amongst the Paradisaical islands of the South Pacific, and wandered for hundreds and hundreds of miles through the Australian bush; I have gazed on some of the Volcanic wonders of Java, and sailed up the far-famed Hudson to the Katskill Mountains, immortalised by Washington Irving, but I conscientiously assert that I have nothing in my memory that, for perfectness of savage beauty, surpasses Loch-Maree and its surroundings. As a mighty panoramic picture of mountain and loch the Land of Santa Maree is unique. Who can sit and gaze upon the stupendous mass of Ben Slioch without feeling awed into deep reverence for the great Creator who called all things into being. Often as I have looked upon this mountain with its riven sides and splintered outlines, I have said in my heart "Oh that I could wring speech from it, that I could make it tell me the mystery of this wild region, and the strange story of long long ago. I would then sit at old Ben's feet and never tire of listening." But though this monarch of mountains is dumb, he speaks with an eloquence that is far more powerful than words, while with a subtle magic he fills the heart with a sense of solemn reverence for nature's God.

I have trod the heather-clad hills around until I have seemed filled with a new life. I have drifted and dreamed in delicious indolence amongst the fairy islands, and I have listened with delight to the melody of the waterfalls. I have wandered through the wild, weird glens like one entranced, and have felt that around, above, below, was beauty unutterable—always beauty, now gentle, now fierce, now savage, now dreamy, but ever and for ever beauty that has no name. In imagination I have once again peopled the glens and mountains with the wild

yet noble clans who waged war with one another long years ago. Once again I have heard the solemn angelus of the monks (who dwelt on Isle Maree) as they bowed their knees in reverence when the grand old mountains had grown still in the hush of the dying day. And then out of the misty past the young and unfortunate Danish prince, and she who should have been his bride, have come and walked and talked with me, and told me the sad story of their love, their grief, their broken hearts, and their tragic deaths. After life's fitful fever they sleep quiet enough now in their island graves where the sighing trees for ever sing their requiem. During the time that I lingered at Maree the marvellous surroundings grew to me, and I came to love them, and I do not envy that man who could look upon the silent hills and not read on their battered old sides something of the wonderful story of the world's formation.

Glencoe is sternly grand, and almost repellantly weird. Killiecrankie is a scene of sylvan beauty that may challenge the whole world for its compeer, but the Land of Santa Maree embraces all these features with many others that are peculiarly its own. It is a land of health, of poetry, of romance. There is a romance in every glen, on every rock, in every wood. There is a poem in every breeze that blows, and a pæan in the rustle of every tree.

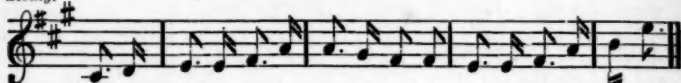
I feel that it would scarcely be fair to close this brief sketch without a word of praise for the excellent hotel and its genial and courteous landlord. I do this with much pleasure because it is so well deserved. The management is excellent; the accommodation equal to, and in fact better than many hotels of much greater pretensions, while the *cuisine* is all that one could wish. Mr Hornsby himself is one of the most courteous and obliging landlords that it has ever been my good fortune to meet. This eulogium will, I am sure, be endorsed by every one who visits the place, unless, indeed, he be blue with bile, and cantankerous with sluggish liver; but even then a few days' residence in the Land of Santa Maree would be sufficient to chase the blues away, and render him unconscious of the existence of such a thing as a liver in his animal economy.

The fact of our beloved Queen and her daughter, the Princess Beatrice, having honoured the hotel with their presence and abided there for a week, testifies far more eloquently than anything I could write, to the comforts and good management displayed.

A very few years ago this exquisite and grand region was almost a *terra incognita* to the travelling public, but now that every facility is offered for visiting the place, it is to be hoped that its beauties will attract all who are in search of health and repose.

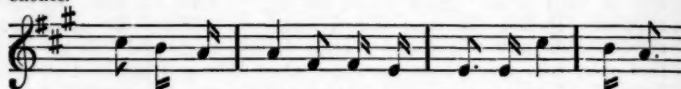
I feel that what I have here written falls lamentably short of doing anything like justice to the magnificence of Maree, but in my brief sketch I have attempted to convey to the mind of the reader some idea of the deep impression which my visit to the Land of Santa Maree has made upon me.

CHLUINN MI NA H-EOIN.

Slowly.

'S binn leam fhein na bha mi 'g eisdeachd Maduinn Cheitein spreidh a' sileadh.

CHORUS.



Chluinn mi na h-eoin, 's binn leam na h-eoin, Na h-eoin, na h-eoin,



bhoidheach, bhinne, Chluinn mi na h-eoin, 's binn leam na h-eoin.

KEY A.

: m , , f , | s , , s : l , , d | d , t : l , l , | s , , s : l , , d | r , s . -

: m . r , d | d : l , l , s , | s , , s : m | r , d . - : r , m | s , s . - : m . r , d | d : l , l , s , | s , l |

'S binn leam smeorach air bharr geige,
'S uiseagan 's an speur ri iomairt.
Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binn leam coileach-dubh ri durdall,
'S cearc an tuchain dluth ga shireadh.
Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binn leam gog nan coileach-rudha
'S moiche ghluaiseas 's a' bhruaich fhirich.
Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binn leam cuthag le 'gug-gug
'S a' mhaduinn chiuin air stuc a' ghlinne.
Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binn leam guth na h-eala buadhach—
Lainneag is glan fuaim air linne.
Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binne na fad sud gu leir
An naidheachd eibhinn a' fhuair sinne—
Chluinn mi, &c.

Na *Scots Greys* air tigh'nn a' Eirinn,
Sabhalte gun bheud, gun mhillleadh.
Chluinn mi, &c.

An *Captain Caimbeul* le 'chomannda,
De na bh' ann 's e b' annsa leinne.
Chluinn mi, &c.

O na'n greasadh Rìgh na grein' thu
Gu d' thir fein gu 'm b' eibhinn leinn' e!
Chluinn mi, &c.

Gu tigh mor nan tuireid arda,
'S e 'dol fas gun aird air inneal.
Chluinn mi, &c.

An tigh a thog dhuit Flath na feille;
'S ioma suil 'bha deurach uime.
Chluinn mi, &c.

Sliochd Iain bhig 'ic-Iain-'ic-Dhomhuill,
G' an robh coirichean Bhraighe-Ghlinne.
Chluinn mi, &c.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Chi mi na h-eoin, 's ait leam na h-eoin,
Na h-eoin bheaga bhoidheach bhinne;
Chi mi na h-eoin, 's ait leam na h-eoin.

Chi mi 'n coileach dubh a' durdan,
'S cearc an tuchain 'si ga shireadh.

'S binn leam smeorach air bharr geig'
'San uiseag anns an speur ag imeachd.

'S binne na sud guth mo ghraidh-sa,
'Si air airdh 'm braighe ghlinne.

NOTE.—So far as I am aware, the above melody and words are unknown in the North. The first version of words is copied from the "Oranaiche;" the second, which appears to be only a fragment, from a MS. in my possession. According to the "Oranaiche," the author of the first version was John Campbell, Torosay, Mull. The Captain Campbell referred to, we are told, "was the last of an ancient family, 'the Campbells of Braeglen,'" and when the song was composed the Captain had just returned with the "Scots Greys" from Ireland. The second version appears to refer to a different subject. The melody was given, in the Sol-fa notation, in a recent issue of the *Highlander*. It is given here in both notations, for it is of its class a gem that deserves the greatest publicity.

W. M'K.